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NATIONAL REVIEW

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January 15, 1963

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

SOUTH AFRICAN FORTNIGHT

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

. . . and a Very Happy New Year

W. H. VON DREELE

National Poetry Festival

GUY DAVENPORT

Articles and Reviews by . . . EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER
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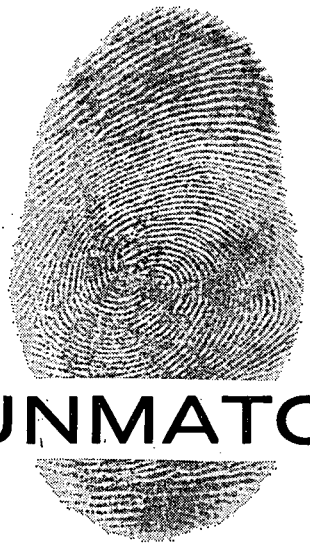

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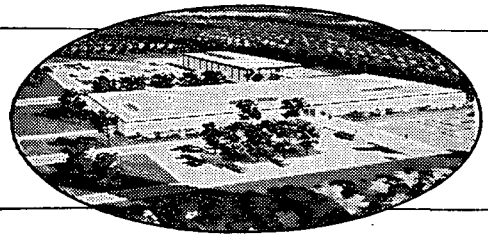

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

→ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** reports on a trip to South Africa, and goes deeply into the subject of apartheid, about which it is almost as difficult to talk calmly as McCarthyism. It is impossible to summarize Mr. Buckley's conclusions in a sentence or two, though it comes easy, after reading them, in a sentence or less to characterize the action of the General Assembly of the UN in voting sanctions against South Africa last fall. . . . **Guy Davenport** of Haverford attended the first National Poetry Festival in Washington on our behalf, and mingled there with the poets, whose discontents had about become the official theme of the occasion when Robert Frost arrived, and "quoted lovingly a passage of poetry beginning 'The old agitation of myrtles and roses. . . .'" After that, things were different.

→ **Cato,** who is not as pessimistic as his forebear, thinks there is just a chance that the Kennedy Machine can be stopped at the Rules Committee. . . . **James Burnham** analyzes the tensions between China and Russia, and compensates for Cato's optimism. Mr. Burnham, by the way, will begin a series of six lectures at Princeton in February, which will be published in book form next year. Subject: Liberalism as the ideology of Western suicide. . . . Mrs. **Irene Corbally Kuhn,** the author and syndicated columnist, has a look at Women Strike for Peace and the old battleaxe who runs it, and finds a lot of them more dangerous even than women drivers. . . . **Russell Kirk,** who is wandering about the Iberian Peninsula, sends in his thoughts on developments within the National Student Association, some good, some bad. . . . And our versifier **William von Dreele** gives year-end plaudits and blame right around the world. (Watch out, you may be there.)

→ Our book section, which, dare we say it, is absolutely first-rate this week, leads off with **Edgar Ansel Mowrer's** revealing and excited review of Thomas Molnar's new book, *The Two Faces of American Foreign Policy*—a book which will "either provoke a storm of protest or meet the stoniest of silences." . . . Sir **Shane Leslie** writes about the collected letters of Oscar Wilde, many of whose teachers and friends Sir Shane knew well as a young man. . . . **George Morgenstern,** who wrote one of the earliest (and best) of the Pearl Harbor revisionist books and now writes stunning editorials for the *Chicago Tribune,* reviews the most recent Pearl Harbor book, by a sober lady, Mrs. Roberta Wohlstetter, who is nothing if not charitable to Roosevelt and his crew, but sets down plenty of evidence for those who wish to justify uncharity for the Commander-in-Chief of the American Navy on that fateful day in 1941. . . . **Nathaniel Weyl** describes the findings of noted anthropologist Carleton S. Coon in his masterful and disturbing book, *The Origin of the Races.* . . . Mr. von Dreele slips into prose and reviews the provocative *Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolf?*: Edward Albee's word-perfect criticism of life on, however, another planet. →

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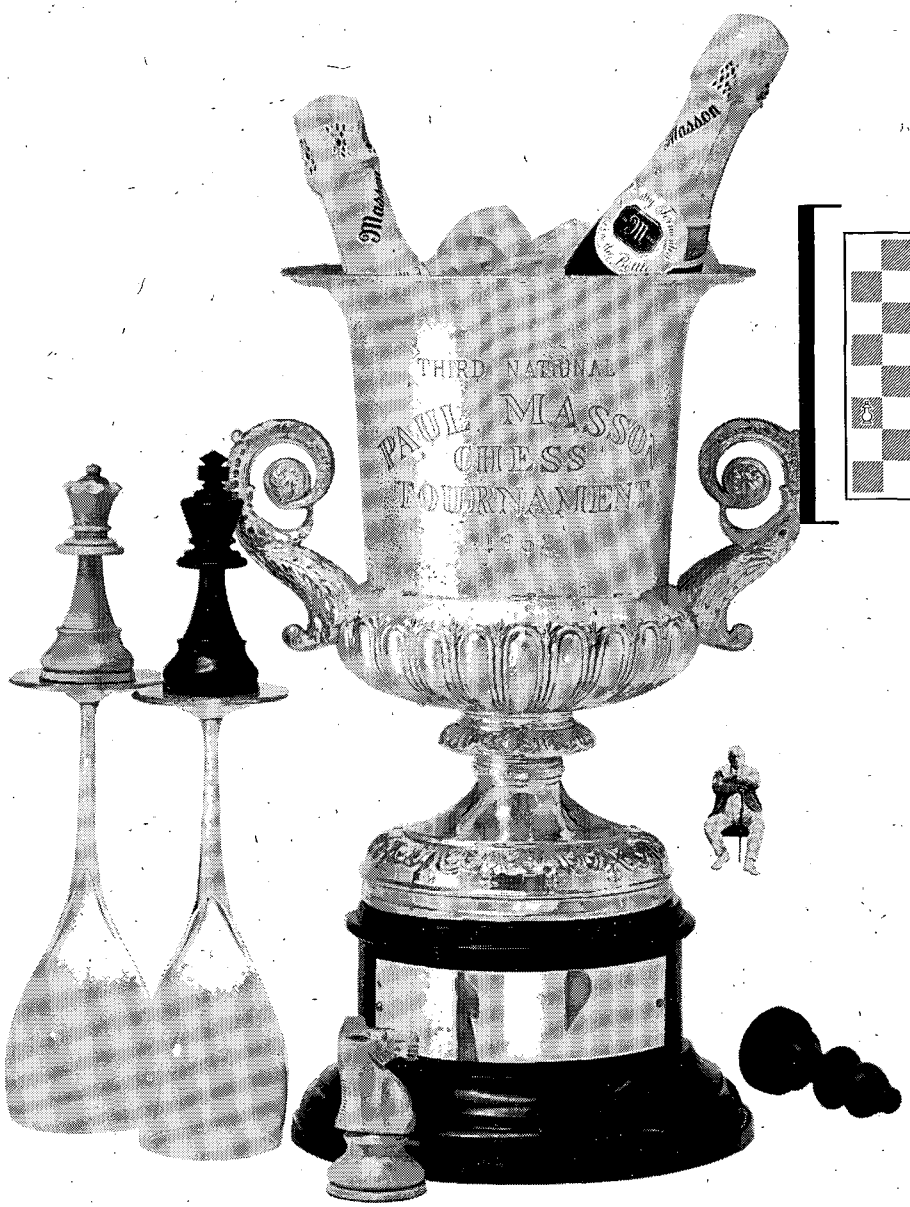

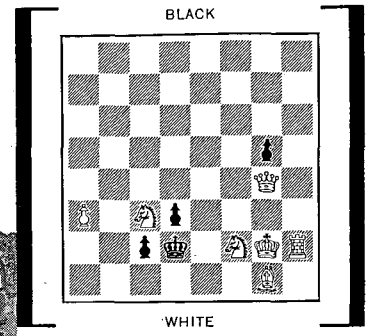

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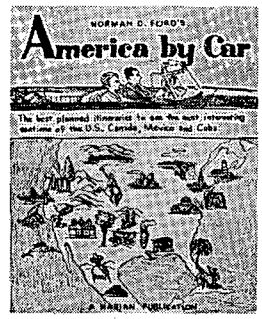

In Niagara or Los Angeles, Washington or New Orleans, the Black Hills or Montreal, **America by Car** takes the guesswork out of travel. Of course it names hundreds upon hundreds of recommended places to eat and stay.

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Fabulous places like that undiscovered region where winters are as warm and sunny as Miami Beach's yet costs can be two-thirds less. Or that island that looks like Hawaii yet is 2,000 miles nearer (no expensive sea or air trip to get there). Or those many other low-cost exquisitely beautiful spots all over the United States and Canada which visitors in-a-hurry overlook (so costs are low and stay low).

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You read of island paradises aplenty in the United States and Canada, of art colonies (artists search for picturesque locations where costs are low!), of areas with almost a perfect climate or with flowers on every side. Here are the real U.S.A.-brand Shangri-Las made for the man or woman who's had enough of crowds. Here, too, are unspoiled seashore villages, tropics-like islands, and dozens of other spots just about perfect for your retirement or vacation at some of the lowest prises you've heard of since the gone-forever prewar days. **They're all in the United States and Canada, and for good measure you also read about the low-cost paradises in Hawaii, the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.**

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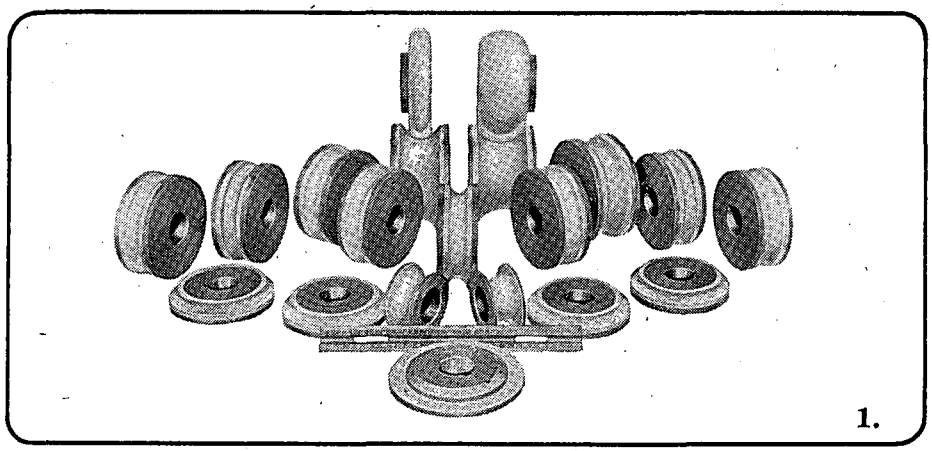
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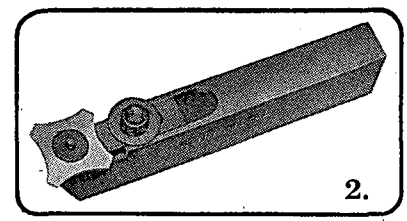
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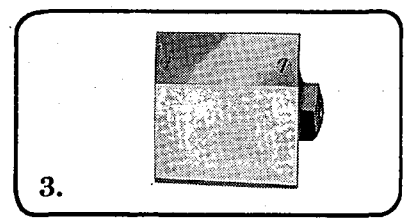
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The WEEK

● Senator Goldwater met recently with friends, one of whom reported that the Senator would seek the 1964 Presidential nomination if "a) someone shows him where the money is coming from, b) an organization can display the necessary support, and c) he obtains enough convention delegates." Fair enough, boys?

● TODAY'S WHODUNIT—THE CASE OF THE MISSING DOLLS: The big doll was "Jackie," the little doll was "Caroline," and they were well-built, charming and of unmistakable likeness. They were selling *very* nicely, thank you, in the pre-season rush, when *N.Y. Herald Tribune* columnist Eugenia Sheppard mentioned them in her column. Suddenly an order for one of each doll was placed from the White House, and then suddenly the dolls became "Jennifer" and "Karen" and finally disappeared from the market. Later, a lady executive of a toy company was heard to say, "It seems that it's perfectly all right for her to appear on the front page of every newspaper in America water-skiing in a bikini, but this darling doll is considered an invasion of her privacy." Riddle: Who in the White House is reading the *New York Herald Tribune*?

● What Captain Eddie wants, Cyrus gets. Eastern Airlines' application for a merger with American was denied by the relevant administrative body; Eaton's for a merger of Chesapeake & Ohio with Baltimore & Ohio has been approved. Why? Who ever really knows, when administrators, rather than judges, interpret the law? But economic reality is making headway against doctrinaire antitrustism. The ICC, in approving B & O's application, conceded the line's inability to "make improvements necessary to meet adequately the transportation service which it may reasonably be expected to provide." Little Brother will of course appeal the ICC's decision, but it is thought this is merely a ritual appeal, designed to appease the fanatics, who are with us yet, lest you forget.

● Robert Kennedy proposes a class of public defenders, to represent indigents prosecuted under federal statutes. The Sixth Amendment provides that "in all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right . . . to have the assistance of counsel for his defense." One-third of those charged with federal offenses last year could not afford to hire counsel. In such cases the courts appoint defense attorneys who, however, receive no pay and—more importantly—rarely receive expenses. Since investigators, psychiatrists and other experts are often required at a trial, the present system may mean that all the expert witnesses testify only for the prosecution. The proposed public defenders would receive funds deemed appropriate by the judiciary to cover expenses. The levelers tend to stretch the principle beyond recognition, but equality before the law is basic to our idea of justice. Thus, at the state level, public defenders are a familiar institution. So the Attorney General's proposal seems reasonable. Perhaps when he has obtained defenders for citizens involved in criminal proceedings, he will take the logical step of providing defenders against abuses of the citizens' liberty by bureaucrats in administrative proceedings: the officials NATIONAL REVIEW has long been calling for—ombudsmen, as they say in Scandinavia.

● Irving Scarbeck, while serving in the U.S. Embassy in Poland, was caught passing documents to a Polish doll who said she had to produce something of that sort for the Red bosses in order to get her visa so she could leave Poland and then she and Scarbeck would live happily . . . Well, the doll left Poland, and then went back. Scarbeck got thirty years. Now a Court of Appeals has recommended that his three ten-year sentences run concurrently. Which means, if Scarbeck stays clean, he'll be out in in about three years. Hell, if treason means that little, why not just pardon him, along with Jake the Barber and Junius Scales and the rest of our heroes? Besides, she was a doll . . .

● An unclassified document put out by the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research, dated September 18, 1962, discusses at some length the Sino-Soviet economic offensive against the Free World. In Table I, *Grants to the Free World,* the State Department duly records Soviet and Chinese grants not only to such stalwart Free Worlders as Ghana and Indonesia, but also—hold your hats—to Cuba and Yugoslavia.

● Khrushchev has sent a violent letter to Adenauer, accusing him of trying to stir up a war during the Cuban negotiations last autumn, and declaring that if Adenauer had had his way there would have been no Khrushchev-Kennedy interchange, and no concessions. And to emphasize the pacific influence of the Soviet Union, Khrushchev reminds Adenauer that West Germany will go up in smoke at the opening gong of the next war. Under the surface of this message there skulks the foreshadow of Soviet policy: to try to rope the U.S. into a "partnership for peace" against that swiftly developing third force, a Europe united and armed with nuclear weapons and

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poised to resist the historic pressure from the East. Logic would require the Soviets to try to split the opposition, drive a wedge between the U.S. and Europe.

● Over the Christmas week-end, when three West Berliners blasted a hole in the Wall of Shame, they were arrested by West Berlin authorities, who took the occasion to plead with the people of the beleaguered city to refrain from such bellicose activity. Since August 13, 1961, 14 holes have been blasted in the Wall, each one a visible symbol of hope to the imprisoned millions on the other side. Instead of discouraging this activity, shouldn't Bomb-the-Wall Committees be organized, Bomb-of-the-Month Clubs formed, perhaps a few unemployed *plastiqueurs* of the disbanded French Secret Army recruited to systematize the blasts and indicate to all the peoples not only of East Germany, but of all the satellites, that what men of determination can erect, men of equal determination and will, can destroy?

● Junius Scales, recently pardoned by President Kennedy after serving only a fraction of his sentence under the Smith Act (he had been the Communist Party boss of Tennessee and the Carolinas), may credit his release from prison to a letter he wrote the President last summer, in which he argued "I can best serve my country outside the federal penitentiary rather than in it." What country, Junius?

● The Industrial Union Department, AFL-CIO, Walter Reuther and James Carey presiding, wants to liberalize, well, evidently, some Liberals, namely the ones in the Senate who filibuster against such civil rights as private ownership of Telstar, and in the House the ones packing the Rules Committee which blocks progressive legislation such as federal aid to education. But how do you liberalize Liberals? We're having enough trouble conserving conservatives.

● Speaking of card parties designed to boycott stores trafficking in Communist-manufactured goods, a spokesman for the Anti-Defamation League is quoted in *Business Week* (Dec. 22) as describing the ADL's reasons for opposing same. It seems such functions "invariably" attract the "lunatic fringe with anti-Semitic tendencies." Don't bother parsing the smear, friends, just resume, in the name of anti-anti-Semitism, eating Polish hams.

● *Héroes, amigos. Bienvenidos en esta república, honrada por su valiente presencia. Mi hijo John es demasiado joven para conocer sus hazañas heróicas, pero cuando crezca un poco, le contaré mi esperanza que un día se demuestre la mitad tan valiente como vosotros. Y además le diré—no se preocupen, Jack no entiende español—que espero que quien sea presidente cuando mi hijo se halle en su propia Bahía de los Cochinos, demostrará la fuerza moral para no abandonarle en la playa. Les saludo, desde el fondo de mi corazón.*

● The *Worker*, getting up steam in its biennial battle for abolition of HUAC, quotes enthusiastically from an over-enthusiastic anti-HUAC editorial in the *Columbia Spectator* which ends: "The United States can ill afford to support a Coxey's Army of legislators frightening its citizens by making the political landscape echo to the feet of marching tramps." (Hum!)

● According to *our* man in Albany, Governor Rockefeller capped his scampaign last October by renting two whole bowling alleys in Albany and giving an evening of good old fun to hundreds of local children. Don't quite know what it all means, unless Rocky thought that was one way to bowl over the opposition.

Operation Smash, Phase III

As warmaker, the UN has already copped at least one First that ought to get a special citation when the Nobel Peace Committee hands U Thant its 1963 Award. The UN has heaved the Big Lie beyond all previous marks. And don't think that in martial lying there isn't stiff competition: the Kaiser, Lloyd George, Hitler, Stalin; even a few Americans—Woodrow Wilson, Elmer Davis, Edward R. Murrow—haven't done badly. But the UN has pushed the record up to a new plateau, like Bannister breaking the four-minute mile.

You just can't believe a single word a UN official says in connection with a UN war, before, during or after; not a single word. The UN's own deputy at the time, Conor Cruise O'Brien, told in his book, *To Katanga and Back*, about some of the grossest UN lies put out (in official communiqués) during the 1961 fighting. Last autumn a platoon of UN spokesmen lied through their teeth in denying the validity of the Secret Katanga War Plan printed in NATIONAL REVIEW [Oct. 23, 1962]. How does the October Plan sound now? *"Affirm Tshombe's intransigence. Repeat UN determination to achieve Congolese unity. Affirm the continued presence of mercenaries in the Katanga gendarmerie. Order the UN occupation force to take control of the mining centers and the frontier exit points. . . . Ask the Belgian Government to suspend all Sabena flights. . . . Air action against the points to be occupied, in particular the key mining center of Kolwezi and the frontier stations. Preliminary bombardment of Katangan garrisons to inhibit any counteraction. . . . The United States will consider itself*

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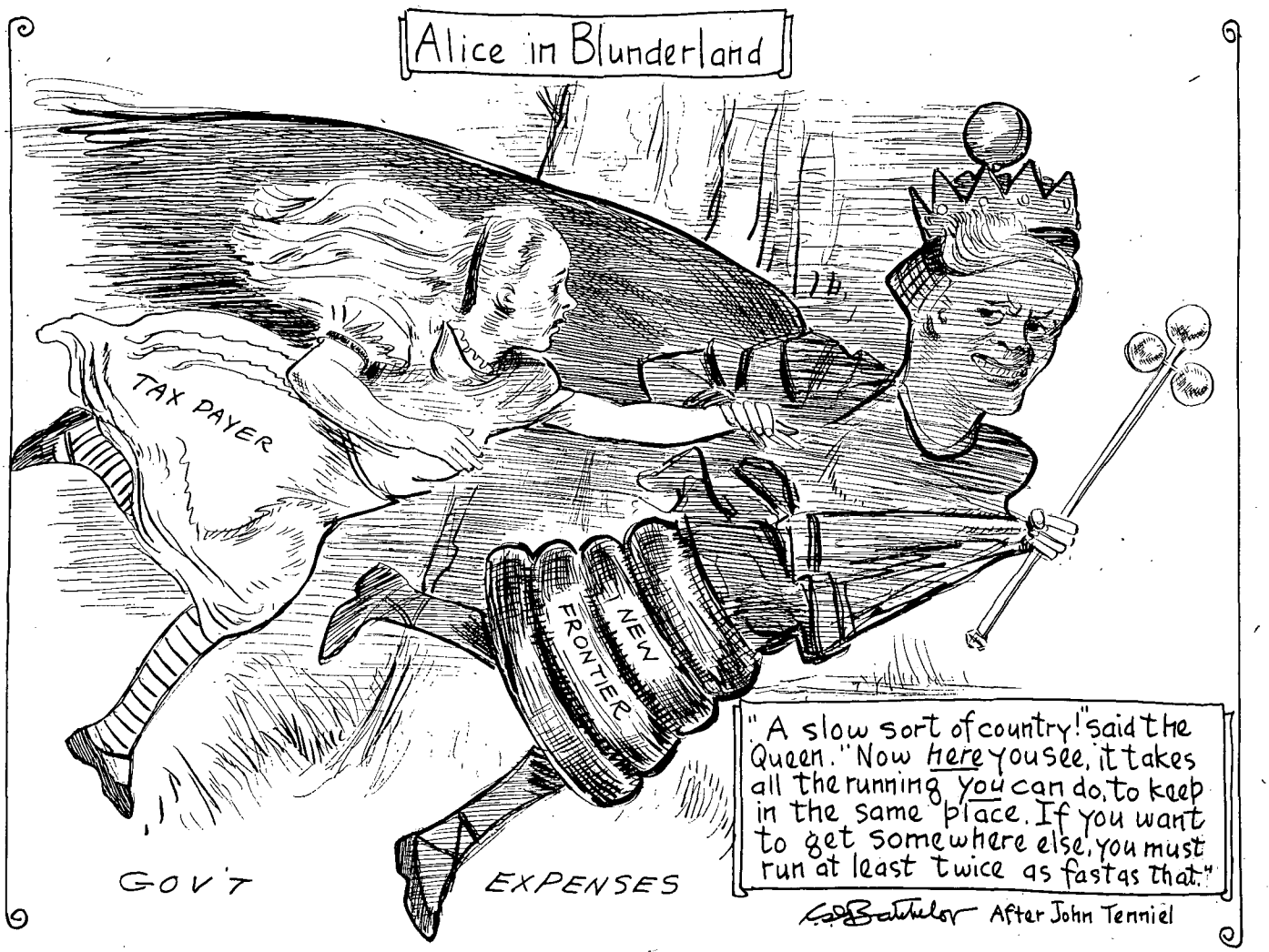
bound, as in the past, by UN decisions, and will supply the necessary transport aircraft and, later on, helicopters. . . ." Pretty accurate, no? The Cuban affair stretched out the schedule somewhat, but operations have proceeded step by step, according to plan.

And what a mountain of lies was piled up during all of November and December: all about conciliation and negotiation and absolutely no thought of resort to force. All that, even while the military buildup went on and the UN mercenaries assumed their take-off positions—for the UN is one government that really does have mercenaries, yes indeed, more than 12,000 of them now preserving peace, law and order in Katanga by routine UN methods, *i.e.,* bombs, machine guns, tanks, mortars and bayonets.

Then a good stiff dose of hypocrisy was added to the lies. The Commies are coming! We've got to unify the Congo double-quick, or Moscow will swallow it; or at the least we'll have one of those horrendous "direct confrontations" between East and West. (Why the West should fear a confrontation in central Africa, where the Soviet Union is at an immense strategic disadvantage, why we shouldn't indeed welcome it, no one explains.) Actually, it is the Communists who from the start have pressed continuously *for* stern measures against Katanga, precisely because they know that to weaken or smash Katanga would give the best possible opening to the subversion of all the Congo.

The bulletins on the actual fighting have been nothing but packs of lies; each day's, moreover, contradicting those of the day before. In one dispatch the Katanga "gendarmerie"—the UN is careful not to call it an "army"—has quit; in another it is resisting fiercely. In one, Tshombe has lost all control over his troops; in another, he is directing a large-scale deployment. Tshombe, fleeing the country, has abandoned the struggle like a washed-up coward; Tshombe, fleeing back home, will be defiant to the end. As for the UN reports on how the fighting began, they are even more manifestly falsified than the phony stories about "arson in a UN garage" put out in 1961 by the UN propaganda squad and exposed by Conor Cruise O'Brien—who, embarrassingly, was the man on the spot.

In reality, the UN deliberately provoked the re-


Alice in Blunderland
TAX PAYER
NEW FRONTIER
GOV'T EXPENSES
"A slow sort of country!" said the Queen. "Now here you see, it takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that."
After John Tenniel

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Faulkner

Faulkner's storytelling appeals to me so much, I suppose, because it is the kind of storytelling I remember as a child down in the northern neck of Virginia. Sitting in a row of men on some rickety porch after the dishes had been cleared off the supper table some hot August night when the dry-flies shrilled, rocking and smoking or chewing tobacco—a man would start talking. Usually he didn't explain who the people were he was telling about. You were supposed to know that. It would be he or she or sometimes "what's his name?" did this or that. Gradually out of a web of seemingly disconnected incidents a story would evolve. Characters in situations scary or mirthful would take shape. A scene would light up as if you were there watching. Listeners would draw in their breath or laugh and slap their knees. I'd be sitting on the porch steps, keeping out of sight for fear somebody would notice me and send me off to bed, never minding the mosquito bites, listening till my ears burst.

Reading Faulkner brings that lost world back to me. It's so often an eleven-year-old boy who is the listener through whose ears the outlandish scrambled tales pour into the reader's blood. Faulkner's writing has a way of pouring direct into the bloodstream like a transfusion. It was his old-time rural storyteller's gift that enabled him somehow to keep his steaming turgid inventions—blood and thunder mixed with often false psychological subtleties out of the psychiatrist's clinic—within the margins of the tall story tellingly told. You are carried away whether you believe it or not.

At his best Faulkner's gothic caricatures of men and women, for all the claptrap of the plots, come to life as Dickens' did. Always the emotions ring true.

Storytelling is the creation of myths. A good acting myth doesn't have to be plausible but it has to impose its own reality on mankind. I defy anybody who has been reading Faulkner to look at a map of the state of Mississippi without expecting to find Yoknapatawpha County there.

Faulkner's characters impose their nightmare reality upon you because they are built out of truths. The truth of the stirrings of the flesh and blood and passion of real men observed tenderly and amusedly and frightenedly, just as Homer made his goddesses and heroes real because he built them out of traits he knew in men and women. In Faulkner what I like best is the detail, the marvelously accurate observations he built his narrative out of, the raw material of his inventions. Has there ever been a bear more real than Old Ben in The Big Woods? His unendingly cordial study of the struggle between the bloods of various races under one man's hide is truthtelling of the highest order. So are his descriptions of the happy symbiosis that builds up under certain conditions between men of discordant races and disparate backgrounds. The Chickasaw Indians who bought the steamboat, the hound dogs, the hunting dogs, the little fyce dogs, the horses, the mules, the trees, the streams and the swamps; and the kitchen clock, I think it was in *Soldiers' Pay,* that ticked out: Life, death; life, death.

And now the great storyteller is dead. I don't imagine death came too hard to him. He had met death before many times in his storytelling. His stories are full of the knowledge of death. He did not meet death as a stranger.

J. Dos Passos

newal of fighting. This—obvious from the sequence of events, in spite of the lies—was naively revealed in a UN-inspired "background report" sent under Warren Unna's name to the *Washington Post* and other papers. After repeating the UN version of how Katanga's "drunken gendarmerie" started the shooting, Unna adds: "Ironically, it relieved the UN of the necessity of *the military crackdown it was planning to initiate in late January.*" (Our italics.)

But the UN's warmaking distinctions are not confined to lying. No government has launched a war with a more brazen defiance of all legality—including its own legality. Robert Gardiner, UN proconsul for the Congo, dropped all pretense and declared that the UN this time is going to "put an end to Tshombe's rebellion and secession." But no line of any resolution of either the UN Assembly or Security Council authorizes the UN to "end the secession." The UN Charter, of course, explicitly forbids any such interference in a country's internal affairs. The February 1961 Council resolution, on the basis of which the UN has proceeded, refers only to preserving law and order and eliminating mercenaries. The UN's aggression is lawless by its own standards as well as by those of civilized men.

As for the UN's conduct of the fighting, it has been at the normal UN level: indiscriminate slaughter of civilians; looting; rape; shelling of factories, shops and other means of livelihood; bombardment (confirmed by the Red Cross) of hospitals, with shooting of patients in their beds.

Can Katanga, under Moise Tshombe's leadership, pull through this latest and most vicious stage of the UN effort to smash his country and people? Tshombe has proved his remarkable talents at negotiation and political maneuver against all comers. No one yet knows whether he has also those qualities of hardness and endurance that will be required if there now ensues a long period of irregular warfare. The odds may be just too great, unless the conscience

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For the Record

Fidel Castro got his on-site inspection: a trio of his inspectors checked out food, drugs about to be shipped to Cuba at South Florida assembly site before Castro gave final okay to prisoner ransom. . . . Gilberto Vieira, Secretary-General of Colombian Communist Party, sees Cuban crisis in this light: "Castro got a guarantee against invasion and that's what he has been looking for all the time." . . . Signpost? Pres. Ydígoras Fuentes of Guatemala, one of strongest anti-Communists in Central America, indicated in New Year's Day statement he would not take lead in anti-Castro activity this year. . . . Cuban Student Directorate, whose early information on Soviet missile buildup turned out to be accurate, says Soviet technicians are setting up generating plants for liquid oxygen (used in missiles) in Cuban caves. Group also reports fifteen Soviet submarines are operating from Cuban ports.

ADA Liberals in Congress favoring restoration of so-called "21-day rule" of 81st Congress, as better means of liberalizing Rules Committee than repacking it. This rule would permit any House member to bring a bill to the floor if it has been a) approved by a standing committee and b) held in the Rules Committee 21 days. . . . District of Columbia has granted Mattachine Society a certificate to solicit funds in Washington. The society was organized to protect rights of homosexuals.

Red Cross reports, filtering out from Katanga through UN censorship, claim Ethiopian troops rampaged through one Elisabethville hospital, from which they thought snipers had been operating, and machinegunned patients in their beds. Red Cross also reports fifty African civilians, caught in cross fire between UN and Katanga troops at a road block, were killed. . . . British Sunday Times condemning United Nations military action in Katanga, says UN has "forfeited its right to be automatically trusted for what it does or what it says."

Banned in France, the Fabre-Luce novel Haute Cour a courtroom drama in which a man named de Gaulle is accused of undermining the French Constitution.

and intelligence of Americans are roused sufficiently to make us, and our government, come to our senses. It is our money and our material aid that alone make possible aggression against an orderly, industrious people—the most promising, in many respects, in Africa—who have sought to live and be governed according to their own decisions, and not those of U Thant.

To the Communist, Fidel Castro, we send as a Christmas greeting $53 million worth of medicine and food.

To the anti-Communist Katangans we send death, wounds, destruction and the demand for unconditional surrender.

Our Congo policy is, in a word, insane.

Can the Monroe Doctrine Be Brought Back to Life?

The Committee for the Monroe Doctrine was initiated last October 30 as a result of the seeming guarantee given by President Kennedy that Cuba would be permitted to remain as a Communist base in this hemisphere, provided only that weapons he defined as "offensive" were removed. The Statement then issued over the name of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and a provisional group of associates recalled the core of the doctrine formulated in 1823 by James Monroe: ". . . we should consider any attempt on the part of foreign governments to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." After showing that Mr. Kennedy's handling of the Cuban affair suggested abandonment of this historic cornerstone of United States foreign policy, the Statement concluded:

"We therefore call on all Members of Congress to pledge to make one of the first orders of business of the 88th Congress a full consideration of any Presidential guarantee given to the Soviet Union which might, in effect, abridge the Monroe Doctrine by permitting Soviet Communist influence and control in Cuba. And we call upon the Members of Congress to RESOLVE:

"That the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine continues to be an essential plank of American foreign policy."

With the new year and the new Congress, the Committee has just launched its public campaign. Capt. Rickenbacker serves as its Chairman. The rapidly expanding list of sponsoring members already includes more than seventy members of Congress.

As a primary activity, a Petition calling on Congress to reaffirm the Monroe Doctrine will be circulated throughout the country. Copies of the Petition as well as other information concerning the Committee may be obtained by writing: Committee for

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the Monroe Doctrine, 79 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

If you object to a Communist beachhead at our threshold we commend the Committee's work to your attention.

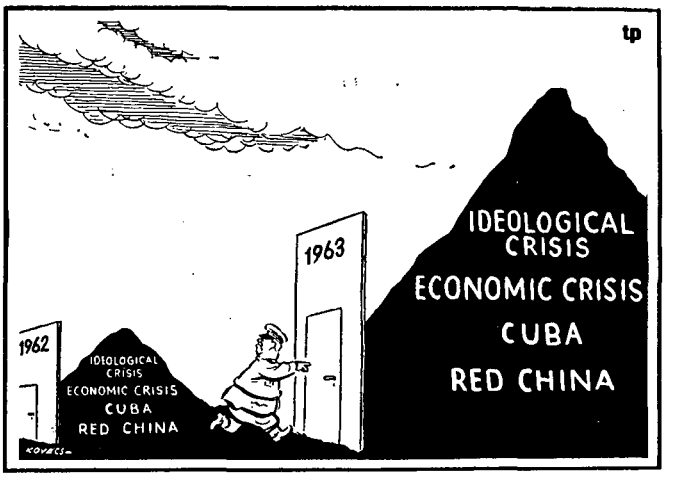
Remember Montgomery

An obviously elated reader calls attention to a very bright spot in last November's elections:

"Maryland's suburban Montgomery County, where thousands upon thousands of federal bureaucrats lay down their weary heads each night, and each morn awake and take courage from the *Washington Post;* where once fresh country air was choked with forward-looking Ideas for Community Development and Progress whipped up at HEW, or at NEA headquarters, or at any of the ten dozen other social-betterment breweries that flourish in neighboring Washington; where the local government—the County Council, the School Board, the country's delegation to the Maryland legislature—was a left-wing Democratic monopoly: poor Montgomery seemed doomed forever to be a playground for the frolics of the planners and social engineers.

"Then several things happened at once. 1) The Liberal ultras overreached themselves: the Council voted a 37-cent increase in the county's already astronomical tax rate; the silly extravagances of the School Board got even sillier; far-outers, on spoils matters, started pushing around the not-quite-so-Liberal regular Democratic organization. And 2) the people of Montgomery got sore. Sensing as much, the Republican organization, headed by its new chairman Don R. Kendall, flew into high gear, put up candidates who openly proclaimed their conservatism, mobilized a campaign effort that has not been matched in years for verve and for efficiency. To top it off, a few conservative leaders, both Democrats and Republicans, got together on the side and formed a non-partisan group they called CAP (County Above Party). CAP boldly named a slate of strictly conservative candidates for every local office, and circulated it to 100,000 voters in a pre-election tabloid.

"The results? Among others, the *Washington Post* briefly considered going out of business. In spite of a substantial inferiority in party registration, the Republicans took five out of seven Council seats by heavy majorities; the state senatorship; six of ten delegates to the Maryland lower chamber; and the whole Liberal School Board (nominally non-partisan) was driven out of office. But even more astonishing than the GOP's success was the clean sweep scored by the non-partisan conservative group. The CAP candidates won every office, without a single exception."



"It couldn't possibly be worse!"

Here It Comes!

In January the President will present a balanced budget to Congress. The Administration will spend the rest of the year explaining why it keeps raising its estimate of the budget deficit.

People with fallout shelters will dive around midyear when Eleanor Roosevelt rides again—in biographies, memoirs, diaries, literary fragments. (With her it was always fragments.)

Adlai Stevenson will develop an overpowering urge to return to the law. At the UN he's been beyond it.

Ghostwriter's cramp will spread epidemically, as every Presidential hopeful strives to publish a think book.

The President will propose tax cuts, but Congress will reject them on the grounds it's irresponsible to cut taxes in a non-election year. The President will accuse Congress of wild spending and also do-nothingism.

Our international payments will show a deficit of $2 billion or so, which we shall cover up with currency borrowings, IMF doodles, and pronouncements. The President will say that the dollar is as good as gold. Believing him, foreign central banks will take another billion in bullion.

Dr. Lovell of the Jodrell Bank Observatory will confirm the Soviet claims of great achievements in outer space. Sight unseen.

The UN will welcome a dozen new members and announce a $300 million deficit. U Thant will proclaim peace wherever his troops have achieved superior positions.

Castro will blame the United States.

The federal payroll will gain 75,000 new employees.

Nasser will invade the Near East; Sukarno will invade the Southeast Asian archipelagos; Communist China forces will spread subversion and terror

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through the Caribbean. The UN will censure Portugal and South Africa.

Congress will roar with debates over Senate filibustering, the House Rules Committee, Urban Affairs, the farm mess, socialized medicine, federal aid to education. And will keep things as they are.

Jimmy Hoffa will be acquitted, any time.

Dean Rusk, Soapy Williams, Averell Harriman, Chester Bowles, and Sargent Shriver will get their pictures in the papers. They will write articles for the *New York Times Magazine*. So will Henry Steele Commager and Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

Senator Kefauver will investigate. His investigations will not be mentioned by James Roosevelt when he introduces his annual plea to abolish the investigative function of Congress.

Teddy Kennedy will do more for Massachusetts.

Bobby Kennedy will do more for Mississippi.

Jacqueline Kennedy will be proclaimed one of the world's ten best-dressed women.

Caroline Kennedy and John F. Kennedy Jr. will get their pictures in the papers and will write articles for the *New York Times Magazine*.

A universal drought in the Communist bloc will cause the 46th crop disaster since 1917.

The Supreme Court will decide that the Constitution prohibits the display of Christmas trees in public schools. Rockefeller Center, beaten by five feet in 1962, will try to find a taller tree than the White House's in 1963.

Just the same old tedium, over there in the wastelands. The only thing that's new, and growing, and on the march, is the conservative movement. You'll see more and more of it in 1963. And then in 1964—well, a girl has to have *some* secrets. Q.

Robert Kerr, RIP

The party composition of the Senate is unlikely to be altered as a result of the sudden and sad death of Oklahoma's Robert S. Kerr—but the loss of his, the "most influential," voice in Congress will leave certainly a vacuum of power in critical legislative struggles foreseen for the 88th Congress. What the effects of this may prove to be is less certain.

The late Senator was counted a strong supporter of the President, a compleat Democrat, a field marshall of his party; but he never let it bother him. Almost as often as not, some 40% of the time, he opposed New Frontier measures. His vast influence—personal rather than ideological—was as deeply felt, for example, in the defeat of Medicare (he preferred his own Kerr-Mills Act which provides medical care for the aged by federal grants to the states), as it was in legislating continued foreign aid to Communist Poland and Yugoslavia, the Trade Expansion Bill and welfare reforms. They said in the cloakroom: "What Kerr wants, Kennedy gets."

So it surely would have been in the next Congress. His loss, then, must be measured in his favored objectives, for he most likely would have gained them. The President counted on him to lead the fight for his proposed tax cuts; but already, the President has been talking compromise with the leading opponents of deficit-producing tax revision, House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills and Senate Finance Chairman Harry Byrd. The President might also have counted on Kerr to lead other fights less to his liking, such as the fight to retain the oil depletion allowance.

It would have been and will not be: that is a difficult calculation. It is expected that Kerr will be succeeded by Oklahoma's lame-duck Democratic governor Howard Edmundson. But he was not the kind of man who is replaced.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW FORUM
Returns to Hunter College!
Don't miss it!
Thursday, January 17, 8:30 p.m.
Hunter College Assembly Hall
ALL-STAR CAST

Notes and Asides

This week, for the first time, *NR* uses a glossy paper stock for its inside pages. The purpose is to serve our advertisers, so that their half-tones will reproduce more vividly, causing our readers to lead a fuller life, like the one recently who, tired from a long day spent reading Bookmailer books, went home, took off his Belfast shirt, stepped into his Kohler tub, sitting splendidly surrounded by Kentile, and drew piping hot water heated by a privately owned electrical company, but, let's face it, had a few too many Old Granddads from his Tiffany goblet, went out and shot Earl Warren with his Sturm Ruger pistol, and was whisked off to jail, which he didn't mind too much because he had a chance to wear a Brady identifying label; but tiring of imprisonment he hacked his way out with his Plumb tools—a hard job, since the bars were made of carbide by Kennametal—doused the compound lights by smashing the (normally unsmashable) Allen-Bradley electrical controls, and went back to private life, which is reading NATIONAL REVIEW, with its beautiful new glossy paper, uninterruptedly.

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From Washington Straight

CATO

As the 88th Congress convenes this week, the battle lines have been drawn over the question of "re-packing" the House Rules Committee. Republican House members (most of them, anyway) are expected to back conservative Representative Howard W. Smith, chairman of the controversial Committee. The anti-packing faction, which lost in a close vote two years ago, has several factors going for it this time:

Cato

1. Last time the Administration had, in its corner, the prestigious Sam Rayburn, who threw all of his power and influence behind the attempt; even then it only passed by five votes. His successor as Speaker, John McCormack of Massachusetts, simply cannot wield that sort of power. The expectation is that those Democrats who went along with Mr. Sam, but who disliked weakening this most important Committee, will support Smith this time around.

2. A number of Southern Democrats, who deserted the conservative coalition last time in response to Administration promises of governmental payola for their home districts, will switch their votes this time. The strong showing of conservative GOP candidates in Dixie last November is the kind of political medicine they understand and is the main factor in their return to the fold.

3. If the GOP House leadership decides it wants to win this one, it can enforce party discipline against dissenters—a tactic not employed when the issue last came up in 1961.

However, JFK's smooth performance in his rockingchair TV chat has undeniably put the Republicans on the spot. The President warned that his legislative program would be endangered—if not doomed—unless the Committee stayed packed. And that puts him in a most felicitous strategic position. If he loses the Committee fight and a good part of his legislative program fails to pass Congress, he will have a ready-made election issue for 1964.

The GOP's problem is that the President's program may be doomed anyway. There was no mandate for a rampant New Frontier at the polls and the legislators know it, even if large portions of the public do not. Republicans are worried about giving the President such a pat explanation for failure and talk of abstaining from voting on the Rules issue, or merely voting "Present"— to put the onus on the Democrats—is heard. But this would be a short term gain at best. This is no time for the Republicans to back out of the conservative coalition in Congress and still less is it advisable to offend Howard Smith—whose importance to the stop-runaway-welfarism forces is crucial and cannot be overestimated.

It might be worthwhile to review briefly the function of the Rules Committee to see why it is so important. The Committee acts as a traffic control center for proposed legislation. It considers all reported bills and resolutions, decides on the priority to be allotted each and establishes the rules for debate under which they will be considered.

An unofficial (but important) function is preventing bills from getting to the floor that should never be passed by any Congress, but might prove politically embarrassing to vote against. Thus it is that the "bottleneck" so fiercely condemned by the Liberals often ends by serving the nation well.

President Kennedy insists that his legislative program will not get a fair shake unless more Liberals are on the Committee although, surprisingly, the records show that the packed Committee of the last Congress actually choked off more legislation than did its supposedly reactionary predecessor. In the first session of the 87th Congress, the Committee granted requests for debate on only 67 of 91 bills. Among the Administration-sponsored items which did not come to a vote were federal aid to education, manpower retraining, and the youth conservation corps.

At the end of the second session, 22 measures were still pending, including proposed legislation on youth employment, mass transportation and medical school aid. The Committee killed a bill to establish a federal advisory council on the arts and a Department of Urban Affairs.

Packed or not, the House Rules Committee does seem to act as a bottleneck and that might be because, in the final analysis, that's what Congress wants it to be.

Eyebrows Arching Dept: They were, all over town, at the news that Mr. Kennedy had pardoned "Jake the Barber" Factor, a famous kidnap figure of the Chicago gangland days (he was a kidnappee). The reason for the arching was that it is common knowledge here that Factor and his wife contributed $22,000 to the Democratic campaign in 1960. GOP National Chairman William Miller publicly intimated that there might be a connection between the big political donation and the pardon. Factor, incidentally, had contributed $25,000 to the first "Tractors for Freedom" Cuban prisoner deal, which the President had backed, but which subsequently fell through.

The Hill is snickering over an item in the January issue of the far left *Progressive* magazine. It extends holiday greetings to "President John F. Kennedy who proved himself a statesman as well as a good winner by holding out to the Soviets the hope of a negotiated settlement of other issues after his successful conduct of the Cuban crisis."

Rumors over the cancellation of the Skybolt missile flying around town as the Skybolt never did. The most convincing is that it was a deliberate attempt to defeat the Conservatives in Britain and bring in a Labor Government more in tune, ideologically, with the Democratic Administration. It is certain that the way the news was handled could not have been more insulting to the British at a time when Prime Minister Macmillan's wilting political prestige desperately needed a boost.

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The Third World War

Sino-Soviet Sense and Nonsense

JAMES BURNHAM

Joe Alsop began his New Year's Eve column: "For 1963, there is at least one fairly safe New Year forecast. The next twelve months will tend to be dominated by events resulting, directly or indirectly, from the deepening rupture between Communist China and the Soviet Union."

This leads me to my own fairly safe New Year forecast. The next twelve months of newsprint will tend to be dominated by oceans of such nonsense concerning Sino-Soviet relations as is typically expressed in Joe Alsop's New Year's Eve column.

"At the moment," Alsop continued at his most portentous, "the experts are watching with bated breath an increasingly open and envenomed Sino-Soviet struggle for the allegiance of the Cuban Government of Fidel Castro." Let's hope his experts unbate before they drop from anoxia.

Communists are ideologists, but not idiots. What have the Chinese got that could conceivably lead the government of Fidel Castro to switch to Peiping? food? medicine? machinery? chemicals? ships? steel? aluminum? consumer goods? surplus modern arms? a strategic nuclear shield? gold or convertible monies? The answers are No, No and No. Even if China did have all or some of these, Cuba is outside her strategic reach. If the Cuban revolutionaries are thinking about shifting away from Moscow—as some of them probably are after recent experiences—their turn will be not toward Peiping but toward Washington or a Nasserite or Titoist formula by which they might hope to get the best of all possible worlds.

The Peiping press does a great deal of yakking about wars and revolutions. The Chinese comrades solidarize themselves with the revolutionary liberators of Algeria, Angola, Spain, Guiana, Cuba and Mars, and pledge total support in all dimensions. But what that support amounts to in every case—except in some of the Chinese border areas—is the yakking and nothing more. What more could it be? The Chinese don't have economic resources to translate their words into material reality. They don't have the decisive weapons systems of the nuclear age. Therefore they cannot, in the present period, carry through an independent world strategy.

Mao Loves Khrushchev?

With its waves of massed humans—its only strategically serious weapons system—the Chinese Communists can infiltrate and overrun neighboring regions, and dominate the regimes in a North Korea or North Vietnam, not to speak of a Tibet. But even in China's own backyard—in Indonesia, even in Laos and South Vietnam—China must give the front seat to her senior partner.

All this doesn't mean that Mao loves Khrushchev, Chinese love Russians, and the Sino-Soviet conflict is just a fake. It is fairly certain that Mao hates Khrushchev; that Chinese and Russians don't trust each other around the corner; that the quarrel between Moscow and Peiping is bitter and will some day be a lot more bitter. It is even more certain that the basis of the conflict is *not* a doctrinal argument over the soft *vs.* the hard road to the world revolution. To believe so is to turn things upside down, as anyone who has studied past intra-Bolshevik conflicts should know.

Mao, the "aging despot," hates Khrushchev because, for one thing, Mao feels he has the better moral claim—though he cannot enforce it—to be recognized as No. 1 World Communist. Chinese and Russians distrust each other, for one thing, because of two centuries of trouble along marching borders; and, for another, because of acute difficulties over trade, aid and payments. With talk of "cowardice" and "capitulation," Peiping seems to be trying a bit of blackmail on Moscow. There are other points at issue. About many of them, perhaps the most important, we know nothing, and will not unless one side makes a final break that is not now in prospect.

The standard myth of the Kremlinologists includes detailed accounts of the "factions" inside the Soviet apparatus against which Khrushchev is said to be desperately contending: a "neo-Stalinist" faction that is also "pro-Chinese"; a "military faction," etc. *All* this sort of thing is fantasy unmixed with the smallest grain of evidence. On all available evidence—as Boris Souvarine has recently shown again, with his usual care—Khrushchev is in truth the representative of a "collective leadership": specifically, of the Central Committee of the Soviet Party, which finally resolved the post-Stalin contests. We possess no evidence of any pro-Chinese, military, neo-Stalinist or any other kind of faction in the Central Committee. Khrushchev's mode of rule is not Stalin's. He became Chairman of the Board with the understanding that disputes in the Party leadership were no longer to be settled by NKVD bullets. When differences of opinion arise, Khrushchev carries out the majority position.

Shut My Eyes, Please

But the Kremlinologists do not want to accept any such straightforward view. They must have an account that will motivate a policy of conciliation and appeasement. That is the real reason why they must picture Khrushchev as a Liberal and peace-seeker battling against the fierce warmongers and sectarians of the Chinese faction. *Therefore,* they can reason, we must be nice to Khrushchev, so that the trigger-happy nuclearites don't take over. (Completing the absurdity with a direct contradiction, they argue at the same time that we must conciliate—by, for example, granting his regime recognition, food and trade—the warmongering Chinese dragon, because . . . well, because aren't you for peace?)

The Kremlinologists, as they do not remind us, said exactly the same things about Stalin. M. Souvarine has a delicious time juxtaposing parallel statements about Stalin from Harrison Salisbury's *Russia on the Way* (1946) and statements about Khrushchev from *A New Russia?* (1962). And they'll say them tomorrow about Suslov, Koslov or Smithsky.

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South African Fortnight

'Apartheid'—the spook word of the '60s, against which the West is called to mount a crusade. What is it all about? How deeply is it misunderstood? What are its strengths and its weaknesses?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Yes, there are a hundred, and a thousand voices crying. But what does one do, when one cries this thing, and one cries another? Who knows how we shall fashion a land of peace where black outnumbers white so greatly?

No one knows surely how to fashion a land of peace in South Africa, but what one does, at least, is to listen to the voice of Henrik Verwoerd—*listen,* I say, and not merely because his is one voice, out of a hundred or a thousand, but because his has become the voice of South Africa, which thinks it has found its way eighteen years after Alan Paton, crying for his beloved country, wrote so plaintively, so heart-tearingly, that there were one thousand voices telling his countrymen what to do, yet nothing much was done. "It suited the white man to break the tribe," the black evangelist Msimangu said, in Paton's book, "gravely." *"That much we could understand—you cannot stop the world from going on. My friend, I am a Christian. It is not in my heart to hate a white man. It was a white man who brought my father out of darkness. The tragedy is not that things are broken. The tragedy is that they are not mended again. The white man has broken the tribe. And it is my belief that it cannot be mended again. It suited the white man to break the tribe, but it has not suited him to build something in the place of what is broken. I have pondered this for many hours."*

So had Verwoerd. But the outside world has not pondered for many hours, or many minutes, the policies of Verwoerd. A few have—I think of Rebecca West, whose celebrated article for the *Sunday Times,* in the spring of 1960, dotted the i's and crossed the t's of World Opinion: Hate Verwoerd.

It is easy to hate Verwoerd. Consider. If you are a native black (they are called Bantu) living in South Africa, you may not wade into the water on white (they are called European) beaches. You may not, if you choose to work in the mines, bring your wife and child to live with you in the compound where you may find yourself working—as indeed you freely contracted to do—as long as two years at a stretch. You may not, even though you drive a car well and safely, drive a taxi in Durban—only the whites may practice so exalted a profession, in white areas. You may not go to a city merely because of its allure—you must have a job there waiting for you, or find one within 72 hours of your arrival. You may not remain in the city you were born in, if you become unemployed and stay so for more than six months. You may not build a house other than in a specified area in the white cities; and there, though you may own your house, you may not own the land—it is the property of the municipality, and if the municipality is so directed by Dr. Verwoerd, or by one of Dr. Verwoerd's men onto a fresh ecological vision, you may find, suddenly, that you must sell your house to a white man; or to an Indian; or to a mulatto (they call them Coloureds). If you do not have with you your identification papers, you may be hauled into the police station; and there you might stay for many hours before the police are satisfied that you had the right to be strolling down Market Street—the presumption, in the absence of your pass, is that you had no such right.

So it goes, and out of less than this Rebecca West, to say nothing of the United Nations' Commission on Human Rights, can write, any day of the week, respectively, a passion play, and a diatribe.

These are data concerning the tribulations of the Bantu that are well known to the Westerner. On the

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basis of which he will assume, quite naturally, that Verwoerd and his legions are an ignoble species, a benighted tribe to be handled with purposive contempt: economic sanctions —they were voted the first week in November by the General Assembly of the United Nations—at the very least. Economic sanctions could lead to increased political agitation, always welcome (Chief Albert Luthuli, who burned his identification papers in a show of defiance, got the Nobel Prize for it). And political agitation could lead to the night of the long knives—a pity, there were lots of innocent whites; but what else, under the iron circumstances? World opinion will be avenged: the Associated Press will distribute a picture of Dr. Henrik Verwoerd, blood dripping out of his mouth, hanging by his feet like Mussolini; and then the blacks will have their rights back, and this terrible lesion on the side of the West will be stanched, and we may face Osagyefo's representative in the UN with head erect, and chant with him, Uhuru!

I

"Is there a good biography of Verwoerd?" I asked the editor of a metropolitan daily in Johannesburg. "No," he said, "there isn't even a bad biography of Verwoerd." Verwoerd does not sit still for biographers. He is the most uncommunicative of men. He cares about world opinion, but not because he cares what world opinion thinks about him, but because he cares that world opinion be enlightened; and there is no question in his mind that world opinion is ignorant, while he is enlightened, on the subject he knows best, and world opinion least, the tangled subject of South Africa. Yet he is not a loner, like de Gaulle, grandly indifferent to the opinion of himself held by those so perverse as not to recognize the episodic generosity of Providence. De Gaulle, it is said, cares so little he does not even read the critical press. "Does Dr. Verwoerd see the press?" I asked an editor. In South Africa there are thirteen daily newspapers, seven of them in the English language; and every one of the seven is a dedicated, not to say a delighted, critic of Verwoerd, and of the social fall-out of Verwoerd's policy of apartheid. "He reads every issue of every daily every day. And he sends me, practically every day"—the editor had been associated with him when Verwoerd was editing (1938-1944) *Der Transvaaler*, the most militantly nationalistic paper in South Africa—"a memorandum complaining of this or the other injustice against his government." "How do you reply to these memoranda?" "I don't reply," he said. "What point is there in replying?"

There is, it appears, about as much point in replying to Verwoerd as there is in replying to de Gaulle, or Franco, or Salazar. Each of them governs on the presumption of his rightness. Franco and Salazar are formal dictators. De Gaulle and Verwoerd are not. It is within the democratic power of the French people to bring down de Gaulle, and it is within the power of the white voters in South Africa to bring down Verwoerd, but the one regicide is as unlikely to occur as the other. Verwoerd has won over the majority of the voters of South Africa (I speak of the white voters only; as one would speak of "the voters" in Mississippi). At the last election he won 52 per cent of the popular vote. But this is not the revealing figure. The overwhelming majority of those who voted against him did not do so because of apartheid, but because Verwoerd is an Afrikaner, a Dutch-African who, moreover, did the unpardonable in removing South Africa from the Commonwealth of Nations. If the essence of what the world knows as apartheid were all that was at stake in a national referendum, Verwoerd would be approved by an overwhelming majority of the voters. Rebecca West morosely concedes that the Opposition Party (better to think of it as the British Party, even though 30 per cent of its parliamentary membership is Afrikaner) is not in radical opposition to apartheid. The only political party in true opposition is the Progressive Party, and at the last election it lost eleven of its twelve seats in Parliament, taking a mere 10 per cent of the vote. Apartheid is the national policy, and Verwoerd is its prophet.

Apartheid and the Opposition

The opposition, the United Party, is meliorist insofar as apartheid is concerned. There are a few South Africans, but only a very few, who would join in the categorical criticism of apartheid that is made in the parliaments and seminars and cocktail parties of England, America, and France. What the opposition objects to, other than that the Nationalists are Dutch and separatist, are the obsessive lengths to which Verwoerd takes his policies; not the basic prescription for South Africa of separate development for the separate races. Even the Progressives don't believe in one-man-one-vote. They desire a "weighted franchise": an iron constitution which would give the white man effective political control, but which would give the black man, on substantial—and I mean substantial—evidence of his qualifications to vote, a voice in the political affairs of the nation; but never such a voice as might imperil the white man's rights. The most conspicuous egalitarian in the recent history of South Africa, Dr. Jan Hofmeyer, baldly proposed during the 1920s that every single black be enfranchised—under a constitution which would limit their representation to 10 per cent of the national assembly. The most recent manifesto of the United Party would limit the entire Negro population to eight seats in the Parliament (out of 156) and six in the Senate (out of 54).

It is, in a word, accurate to say that South Africa believes in apartheid, give or take 10 per cent. The trouble with Verwoerd, as far as the critical press of South Africa is in fact concerned, is not that he believes in separate development for the races, but that his ruthlessly consistent implementation of ideas which are essentially sound, has left him deaf to the melioristic proposals of the opposition: with the result that the state is burdened down with social and political crudities which might easily be remedied without derailing the master plan.

That and, as I say, Verwoerd's nationalism . . . the former newspaper

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editor who, when the King and Queen visited South Africa in 1947 —they were formally sovereign in those days, and Verwoerd formally one of their subjects—bitterly ignored their visit. The day they would parade through Johannesburg, and the people were wild with anticipation, Verwoerd's paper carried a single reference: "The visit to Johannesburg tomorrow by certain persons is likely to cause disturbances." The English population does not soon forget such an act of lèse majesté, let alone the subsequent political apostasy when Verwoerd became prime minister; and just as clearly Verwoerd has never forgotten that the British, scrambling after control of the gold, fought and beat the Boers in 1902, and treated them for years as cloddish colonials, under the proconsul Smuts, leader of the United Party. So much did Verwoerd resent the British that the effect of his arguments would have been to construct a policy helpful to the Germans during the Second World War—though he was so sincerely outraged by a critic who said of him that "his spiritual home is nearer to Berchtesgaden than Stellenbosch" that he sued for libel—and lost, for reasons that had much to do with the inflamed political climate.

But it is important to bear this in mind. The solid opposition to Verwoerd by many South African whites is not because he is in favor of separate development of Negro and white, but because he is in favor of separate development for South Africa and the Commonwealth. Those in the West who cherish the belief that apartheid hangs on the delicate balance of a tiny plurality feed on a romantic delusion (which is the national drink of most Western intellectuals).

If Verwoerd were to die tomorrow and by some chance power should devolve upon the United Party, things would be different as far as Fleet Street critics and Durban Anglophiles are concerned — the Crown would have been avenged. But the Bantu would not, I think, notice many differences.

II

"Is apartheid a policy that has in mind, along with the development of white South Africa, *pari passu* the development of the Negro? Or is it an elaborate phony?"

I thought I knew the answer to the question even before I had the opportunity to put it privately to a prominent and deeply informed member of the United Party. There are always the cynics who will profiteer from any social enterprise, however idealistic. But there has never been any reason to doubt Verwoerd's own sincerity. He means to help the blacks. Whether because he knows the whites cannot otherwise help themselves, or because of an altruistic spirit, let others speculate, and God decide, Whom he appears to respect. "Before, they talked more than now," Chief Kaiser had told us. "But now they do more for my people." Tom Swart, leader of the Cape Coloureds, said the same thing. And I had seen the stars in the eyes of a dozen civil servants, as they showed us the concrete achievements of their government—75,000 dwelling units where shanty towns had stood around Johannesburg; native schools in the Transkei and elsewhere, whose enrollment has doubled in the last ten years; a new university for Cape Coloureds—(one of our young guides had spoken with a fierce idealism which, I remarked in an undertone to my companion, had an exasperatingly proprietary sound: "*We* have done this. . . ." "*We* believe this. . . ." "*We* shall accomplish this. . . ." The next day I learned he is married to the daughter of Dr. Verwoerd). No doubt there are the cynics, but they are on the edges of the movement, not in its vital center. There they believe, and believe they can easily demonstrate, that more is being done for the native in their country than anywhere else in Africa; and that it is being done, moreover, while maintaining, and even consolidating, the white man's beachhead in Africa; thus continuing to fire a resolution that matches the Zionists' to maintain and nourish their enclave in the bosom of Arabia.

"*I would say unquestionably yes, they are sincere,*" the official of the opposition party told us. "I am not so sure that it began that way—under Strydom [1954-1958] the whole business was, perhaps, merely a fancy way of saying, 'Let's keep the Kaffir [nigger] in his place.' But Verwoerd *never* viewed it as anything of the sort. He was elaborating the vision of apartheid, and apartheid now, under Verwoerd, is a political and social cosmology; worlds away from being just an anti-Negro expedient."

The theory of apartheid, a dirty-sounding word that is not much used in South Africa—they say "separate development"—is based on four axioms, from which the South African derives the controversial generalities.

Four Axioms

They are 1) *The whites in South Africa will not turn over their country or their property to the Bantu merely because the Bantu are more numerous.* (Corollary: if the whites decline to turn over their property to the Bantu, it must follow, according to modern political practice, by which political power is used as a means of economic aggrandizement, that the whites must contrive to remain politically pre-eminent at least in those areas where their wealth is concentrated.)

2) *The Bantu* (who outnumber the white by almost four to one) *are "behind" the Europeans* (Dr. Verwoerd always says "different from" the Europeans) *in respects that bear crucially on public policy.* "One of our troubles," a South African nationalist told me, "is that Americans always think in terms of the American Negro. To compare the Bantu with the American Negro is to miss the whole point." "If I were an *American*," another official said, "I would favor instant integration for the Negro. For two reasons: first and foremost, the

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American Negro is culturally a European. Our Bantu are still primarily African. And secondly, the whites in America are numerically overwhelming; so that whatever atavism your Negro may from time to time relapse into, he can be indulged—without any serious risk to your society. For us it would mean chaos."

The Bantu, who are now ten million Negro South Africans, divided politically in a thousand-odd tribal units, first came into contact with white men when their scattered bands, fleeing south from the genocidal tribal warfare that was terrorizing Central Africa, converged with the Dutch settlers who were trekking north from the maritime supply stations established at the Cape over 300 years ago. Save for here and there a Bushman or a Hottentot, South Africa was, in the beginning, deserted. It is literally true that the Europeans got to South Africa first. The refugee Bantu settled in certain areas of South Africa, and proliferated; and from time to time, as the opportunities arose, Bantu tribesmen would peel off to go to work for the white man, at first on his farm, later in his gold mines, now in his industries. But they maintained, for the most part, their tribal allegiances, their language, and their customs. A Bantu who has lived a generation or more in Jo'burg will identify himself as a member of a tribe situated as many as a thousand miles away, giving you the names of the chief and the head man. One hundred years ago the Bantu who had never encountered the whites had not yet developed the wheel. They had no written language. They had not even developed a calendar. They had not reached the Iron Age.

The third axiom of the government: *African Nationalism is an undiscriminating phenomenon of anarchic consequence*: and we have seen how, they will say, like a forest fire, it leaps across boundaries, setting whole nations ablaze. If the whole of South Africa could be detached from the continent and become a large island —an Australia, let us say—then political and social experimentation, allowances for greater social spontaneity, might be indulged. If one found one had gone too far in latitudinarianism, one would simply retrench a bit, and start again, insulated by the surrounding oceans against trans-borderline explosions. But in an Africa kept hot by the bellows of black racism, where every internal dislocation anywhere is watched by the beady eyes of the Communist propaganda machine and escalated to the status of an International Threat to the Peace—in such an eutectic situation it is necessary to maintain very firm control. Relentless vigilance, relentless order.

And 4) *The notion that the Bantu could participate in power on equal terms with the whites is the worst kind of ideological and social romance.* There is no such thing as sharing power in South Africa. Either the whites will exercise effective power, or the Bantu will. That is so because the eudaemonic era has not yet come to Africa (or to many other places) when people will vote without any reference to race. The educated Bantu will vote not alongside the educated white, but alongside the uneducated Bantu; bloc voting, in other words, by race.

Three Alternatives

Consider the three alternatives for South Africa in the light of these axioms. The first is one-man-one-vote. This the South Africans reject on the grounds that it means Bantu political solidarity, and the consequent elimination in South Africa of Western civilization. Thus it went, the South African remarks, in the Belgian Congo—with this important difference: in the Congo the whites were a tiny (75,000) minority, recently settled in territories that had been overwhelmingly native. Here we are a substantial minority (3,000,000), who settled here three hundred years ago, when there was not a Bantu in sight. If we gave up our territory, we would be yielding it to a people to whom it had never belonged.

The second alternative is "gradual integration": a phased introduction into white society of the elite of the Bantu, as they proved themselves qualified by education and acculturation to mix easily and naturally with the white. This the whites also reject —and here is the hardest decision for the American to understand. The axioms, they feel, must govern. The process of effective acculturation, of the kind for instance that would cause the Bantu to vote according to the merits of an issue rather than according to racial allegiance, would take more time than is politically feasible to consider. Several generations, most likely, on account of the organic resistance to change imbedded in the Bantu, beyond the reach of even the most aggressive and ingenious cultural egalitarian. "I speak as one who is genuinely worried about the future of South Africa," said Vusamazulu Credo Muthwa, a Bantu correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, on Saturday, November 10, protesting the "pathetic ignorance" of an "anti-Bantu" correspondent who had recently written to the same paper. "I am no alarmist; I am only a realist. Throughout the length and breadth of Africa the Negroid races are united in one strong belief—that anything new is evil and that it is wrong and immoral to try to make life easier or to improve or alter any of the methods of ploughing, building huts, or even cooking, which were laid down years ago by the founders of the particular tribe to which one belongs. So strong is this belief that all those people who tried [over the centuries] to invent new things to improve the tribal way of life were promptly put to death. Bantu legends of inventors inventing new ways of warfare, cooking, and ploughing and being thrown over cliffs for their trouble are legion."

Even so, change is coming, slowly, against the tug of ancient ways. Individual Bantu can be seen to have awakened from the long sleep. But—the observer will note—the educated Bantu has not become a Westerner in the sense that is critical for South Africa. His blackness (*la negritude* of which the French write) will exercise the decisive influence on his political activity, and this for several reasons: first the pull of his own people, who will look to him to bring them instant political elevation; second the pull of the black nationalist community of Africa, which will beckon to him in the name of a higher loyalty than European civilization;

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and third, the innate prejudice of the white man (as slow to remove as some of the Bantu's own superstitions) who, notwithstanding the achievements of the individual Negro, will go on thinking of him, for many years yet, as a mutation on a race of men who are culturally removed and politically dangerous. And finally, even allowing that a few Bantu could succeed in resisting the pressure of their own people, and in bearing unresentfully the indignities of an ethnocentric white race—is it wise to attempt, by assimilating them, to remove them from their own peoples? The educated Bantu, the South African reasons, will contribute negligibly to the white community; but they can contribute bountifully to the impoverished Bantu, from whom they should not be wrenched away, any more than, if one truly hoped for the accelerated development of the American Indian, one should yank its hundred best leaders out of the reservations every year, to put them in the civil service in Washington.

The third alternative is separate development. Encourage the black community to develop itself, to refine its own institutions. To absorb what they will from white civilization and, yes, to reject what they will ("Will you, in the proposed constitution governing the Bantu people, officially proscribe polygamy?" I asked the Moderator of the Dutch Reformed Church. "No," he said.) To develop their own professional class, and economic classes, and political institutions; to mix with themselves and breed their own leaders. To make their own government. And yes, to make their own nation, choose their national anthem, name their UN representatives, and all.

Practicability of Apartheid

That is the policy of separate development. To believe in it requires more than merely to reject alternatives One and Two above. Whereas the first alternative—immediate integration—must be rejected by all realistic men as suicidal, the second alternative—gradual assimilation—if one chooses to reject it, would be dismissed on the grounds of impracticality. But if practicality is to be the criterion on the basis of which this alternative must be rejected, then the third alternative must be judged by the same standard. Is apartheid practicable?

That depends on more than merely the sincerity of the policy. One may grant that it was sincerely conceived and is being sincerely executed, and still question whether it is as practicable as an attempt at gradual assimilation might be. That, I came away believing, is the salient question to ask about apartheid. Not the question whether it is humane. Because humane proposals, if they are not practicable, are quite useless. The best that is in us—the humane that is in us—deplores the extent of starvation and under-development all over the world; but we do not reason, nor does reason require us to deduce, that therefore our own economic policies stand condemned. (It is no answer to starvation in China to take away the American's air conditioning unit.) One may ask whether apartheid is humane *considering the specifications*

of the South African dilemma, and whether it is humanely administered. But above all, one must ask whether it will work: then let who will speculate on whether that government was wise which, when the time came for it to make a decision, committed the Bantu under its domination to a course of multi-racial consolidation and political and economic independence for the Bantu 25 years from now, instead of on a course that might give to the Bantu, 25 years from now, say the kind of position, economic and social, now held by the American Negro.

III

The end of apartheid is Bantustans, a separate nation for the black man. The geographical shape of the proposed nation is not orthodox. Here and there substantial stretches of territory, notably the Transkei, are allocated for the Bantustans; but there are ten or fifteen irregular black spots on the map of South Africa, as though you had sprinkled ink on a piece of white paper while sketching a horseshoe of sorts: and these, here and there isolated, here and there bound together, are supposed to compose the Bantustans. It is an unorthodox idea, but not intrinsically preposterous, to suppose that nationhood could draw together in a meaningful political entity all the black splotches on a piebald area. It is as though California, Montana, Wisconsin, West Virginia, Georgia and Florida were ruled over by a separate constitution and separate political authority. An idea not conclusively absurd (what else were the colonies? What else Pakistan?) but certainly unconventional, that tilts the scales on the side of impracticality.

Sense of Solidarity

It is not contemplated that all or even a majority of the Bantu would live in the Bantustans. The Bantu areas, which in their present stage are called the Reservations, cannot give employment to ten million Bantu; and, for that matter, the whites cannot do without the labor of millions of Bantu, on the farms, in the mines, and in the industries. But the Bantustans are supposed to become the political centers of the Bantu wherever he is; there, it is supposed, he will vote, whether in person or by absentee ballot; and at the very least he will feel for the Bantustans, even if he seldom has occasion to visit them, the kind of loyalty and sense of political fulfillment that individual Zionists scattered about the globe feel for Israel. That feeling of solidarity will be built on existing tribal allegiances.

No white man is permitted to own land in the black reservations, nor to invest capital there. The Bantu Development Corporation, a government enterprise, is supposed to make capital available for the development of

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businesses within the Bantustans by the Bantu. Not much progress has been made in this direction, nor great amounts of money invested—it will take time, the government cautions. How much time?—How much time before, say, one hundred million dollars of capital is invested in the Bantustans (the sum of money recommended by the Tomlinson Commission, an early architect of Bantustans)? No one knows. White businessmen are being actively encouraged to organize new enterprises along the borders of the Bantustans, to give jobs to the Bantu, who will commute to work from their own territories. But there is no time table; and that is understandable—Five Year Plans tend to take ten to 25 years even when ferociously pursued by ideological zealots. The Verwoerd government is taking enormous pains to set up the Bantustans. But it is not mobilizing all of South African life for that purpose, on the scale that, for instance, Mao Tse-tung was organizing all of China for his policy of industrialization. White South Africa is a free country. It is therefore imprudent to assume that Bantustans will be anything more than a goal for a great while; which is not to say, let us bear in mind, that any other plan that seeks to improve dramatically the political and economic lot of the Negro is any the less visionary. The fact of the matter is that vigorous activity is being taken to grant an impressive amount of self-rule to the Bantustans (beginning in 1963, a Bantu parliament in the Transkei will take over substantial responsibilities); though one continues to wonder whether existing economic policies can possibly make the territories viable. Still, heaven knows there aren't a half-dozen African states whose economies appear to be viable. Yet somehow, they get along. Perhaps the Bantustans can too.

Financial Sacrifice

This is not to say that the South Africans are not spending (as opposed to investing) money on the Bantu. During each of the last five years the government has spent an average of $200 million on the Bantu. An equivalent expenditure in the United States would be $12 billion—$5 billion more than we spent two years ago on federal welfare projects. It is fair to say that the strain on white South Africa of this enormous subvention is greater even than $12 billion spent by the United States; because, wealthy though South Africa is, by contrast with the United States it is poor. Adjusting the figures according to the average income of the average white family there and here, it is more like an annual expenditure of $20 billion; and that is a great deal of money. The fabulous gold of South Africa, around which the economy of the entire nation has revolved, seems trifling up against the scale of American expenditures. All the gold South Africa has ever mined would not pay one-quarter of this year's defense budget in the United States. They mine, every year, 66 per cent of the free world's supply; and yet the value of all that gold is only $750 million per year. Over one-fourth of the value of that gold is spent in subsidizing the Bantu. Tax revenues raised, directly and indirectly, from the Bantu make up only 14 per cent of the gross revenues. The white South African feels, in other words, that insofar as the material argument is meaningful, he has done more, by far, than any nation in the world, to provide for the material well-being of the Negro.

But the material argument, though important, is not morally conclusive. The materialist who criticizes apartheid will not have an easy time of it: the South African can throw at him new homes, hospital beds, schools, clinics, jobs, relief centers in sufficient number to floor him—the same figures that continue to give South Africa a great allure in the surrounding areas, from which, by the tens of thousands every year, fleeing in many cases the states where the Bantu enjoy what goes under the name of political liberty, they come to work in South Africa. Seventy per cent of the mineworkers come from outside the state!

The other argument asks about the damage apartheid is doing to the psyche of the black man—and the white man; and it is a question not so easily handled. What Dr. Verwoerd considers to be indispensable psychological conditioners for separate statehood—the rigid discouragement of any social intercourse between white and black—come from the drawing boards ugly and shocking and, if they are not accepted as indispensable to the introduction of a radically new regime which strives for beneficent and realizable ideals, they are indefensible.

Particular Incident

We drove on a hot afternoon one hundred miles into the Transkei from its capital city, to visit the Chief Kaiser Mantanzima, who is being groomed as the first prime minister of the Transkeian Bantustan. Two miles before reaching his house, we passed a whirl of dust speeding the other way. "There goes Chief Kaiser!" our guide remarked, and spun around and gave chase. The Chief had evidently forgotten our appointment and was heading towards the capital. We overhauled him in a little town and there, while Chief Kaiser was in a local office transacting a quick piece of business, we conferred on how we might conveniently proceed with our interview. I suggested that we repair to a decrepit little bar opposite, sit down with a Coca Cola, and fire away. "Oh," said our guide: "but you can't do that." And so I saw what is not easily imagined: that even in the very heart of the area that is to be the headquarters of the new state, importunate American whites may not share a table with the Heir Apparent at a dirty little bar, miles from anywhere. Not because we were *white*, but because *he* was black! And so we talked in the car.

They say it is absolutely necessary for the cadets at West Point or the rookies at Camp Lejeune to be systematically humiliated, in order to condition their reflexes. The military have an easier case to make, and still I never understood it, so that I was a lost cause in the Transkei. I can see that the Bantustans cannot yet be allowed to make their own foreign policy or even their own monetary policy; but they should, one would

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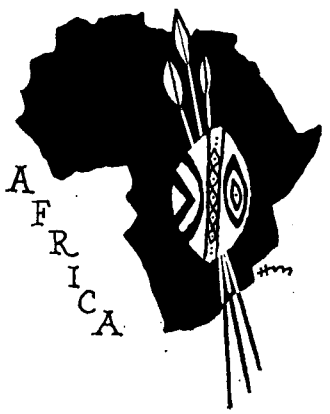
think, be allowed enough authority, right now, to exclude their own exclusion from public places in their own land. If the Bantu are headed for a kind of neo-independence, it will prove necessary for the white man who works in the Transkei helping him along, to consider himself a guest of the Bantu, and to behave accordingly, as a regent would to the young prince. There is a case to be made for the psychological conditioning of the Bantu for what is to come. There is also a case to be made for the psychological conditioning of the white South Africans for what is to come, for what they wish themselves to bring about.

Regulations and Regulators

As a libertarian, I fear the kind of state that is needed to make apartheid work. Truly an omnipotent state, which makes political, social, and economic policy. Consider, as an example, the Job Reservation Act. In Durban only a white man can drive a taxi. Why? Because the white man simply cannot compete with the Bantu, cannot live on what the Bantu lives on. In Durban the Bantu, and the Asiatics, can live in houses made available to them by the government for five or six dollars a month. The whites pay ten times as much. Hence Job Reservation. It is a form of internal protectionism, suggesting the infinite complexity of the multiracial state, the colony within. We in the United States, as I was sharply reminded by a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, solve the problem very simply: we just lay down such immigration laws as are convenient, and such tariffs as suit us. But in South Africa, everyone is inside to begin with, and so the equivalent laws must be made in respect of internal, not external competition. Aha! the United Party comes in with its melioristic salve: do away with Job Reservation, but put down a *minimum* wage. Splendid idea! some South Africans believe; but others point out that if the Bantu driver and the white driver will cost you exactly the same amount of money, you will end up hiring only white drivers, or mostly white drivers, because they are more reliable. Whereupon the Bantu is out of work; and the state must subsidize him. If he is out of work he must leave town (Influx Control Act) and go back to the reservation. . . . In the Coloured areas of Cape Town there are no pharmacists, because there are not yet any graduate pharmacists among the Coloureds—the state forgot about pharmacy, which is perfectly understandable. So the state makes an ex-



ception, and allows white pharmacists to go into the Coloured areas and practice their trade. But—for only three years. After that they must withdraw, and yield their places to Coloured pharmacists, who by then will be ready. Maybe . . . A white manufacturer sets up his business along the borders of the Bantustans, as the government has encouraged him to do. But lo, the manufacturer in the Johannesburg area, seeing his product undersold as the result of cheaper Bantu labor, runs to the government to protest: and somewhere, in some office in Pretoria, some official is even now pondering how to solve *that* problem. . . . A professor in Cape Town University has bathed all his life on a beach where also have bathed occasional Bantu—he never minded, and they didn't. Now only the whites may bathe there, and the Bantu must go down a stretch of coastline to another beach—just as pretty to be sure, but just plain inconvenient.

And who will take him there? The government will provide a bus. . . . For all these regulations there must be regulators; and excessive regulators feed on human freedom. They can't seems to keep anything else down.

It is at this point exactly that one needs to remind oneself that the situation is as it is, and not as it might have been if, let us say, the white community had accommodatingly volunteered to march into the sea and let the waves curl up over their hair. Of if the Bantu witchdoctors during the eighteenth century had warned their people never to cross the Limpopo River, else their skins would turn white. If such things had happened, they might all now be happy, under their tribal chiefs, or their Mboyas. James Baldwin, the febrile and eloquent guardian of the American Negroes' bitterest thoughts, is prepared to believe he and his people would have been happier if they had never come upon the white man, or at least the American white man. "I am far from convinced that being released from the African witchdoctor was worthwhile if I am now . . . expected to become dependent on the American psychiatrist. . . ." Even so.

Rules of the Game

Some day, when you have nothing else to do, come up with a solution for South Africa, won't you? But remember the rules of the game. *All* the marbles have to end up each in a cavity—you can't just throw a few of them away, to make the game simpler. The people who picked apartheid are solidly committed to it; it is a radical solution in which they are investing their wit, their passion, and their means; they are men and women of urbanity and culture and understanding, and of courage, who are not fooling themselves, or trying to fool the world; men who, the more ignorant of them, feel the same contempt for the aimlessness of the American approach to race relations that Americans, the more ignorant of them, feel for the schematism of the South African approach. They may be wrong, as we may be: but we should try at least to understand what it is they are trying to do, and deny ourselves that unearned smugness that the bigot shows. I cannot say, "I approve of Apartheid"—its ways are alien to my temperament. But I know now it is a sincere people's effort to fashion the land of peace they want so badly.

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Special Report

Lysistratas of the Bomb

IRENE CORBALLY KUHN

The House Committee on Un-American Activities made its point in a tumultuous three-day investigation into a militant women's peace organization. This was that WSP, which is the abbreviation with a built-in hiss for Mrs. Dagmar Wilson's Women Strike for Peace movement, has been infiltrated by Communists. Whether the non-Communist leaders of the movement recognize this is less clear; certainly at the hearings it appeared that they couldn't care less.

The New York branch of WSP, which HUAC believes to be the controlling group, had at least five members who took refuge behind the Fifth Amendment when questioned on past or present affiliations with the Communist Party. But Mrs. Wilson claims the New York branch does not control the movement. "Nobody," she said firmly, "is controlled by anybody in the WSP."

She showed a blithe unconcern for the possibility that the fast-growing peace movement might be Communist-controlled or -influenced. In fact, she told subcommittee counsel Alfred Nittle that she has no plans for preventing Communists from assuming positions of leadership in the WSP, nor does she intend to eliminate any identified Communists who might already hold such positions.

Now, the majority of the thousands upon thousands of earnest American women who make up the membership of WSP—and other allied pacifist and ban-the-bomb organizations—sincerely desire peace, and nothing more. But the hearings clearly showed that their activities are—if not controlled by the Communists—at least of immense help to the Communist peace offensive.

Dagmar Wilson ("Dakkie" to her pals) is the American wife of Christopher Wilson, an aide at the British Embassy in Washington. She is the daughter of radio analyst and foreign correspondent Cesar Saerchinger, a well-known Liberal of his day, and was educated in a progressive co-ed school in London where, she says, all her friends were "dissenters, not quite the average type. They were sons and daughters of psychiatrists, writers, vegetarians."

Mrs. Wilson is a born leader, and her calls for strikes and demonstrations against nuclear testing, disarmament, etc., have been frequent and successful in the sixteen months since WSP was spawned. To enlist women for this peace offensive was a natural since their powerful maternal instincts make them easy prey to emotional appeals against nuclear testing and nuclear war. They can be depended upon to rush out into the night to picket the White House; to stand on corners in sub-zero weather or broiling heat and solicit signatures on "ban-the-bomb" petitions; or to do anything else the local leader asks of them. They are, in short, manipulatable, and what HUAC wants to know is, who is manipulating them?

To Come A-Picketing

Women Strike for Peace, the leading feminine peace organization, was founded in September of 1961. Its first major operation was a call for a national show of strength on November 1st and it was a howling success: 50,000 women in sixty cities turned out to demonstrate for disarmament. By May 6, 1962, WSP had "contacts" set up in forty states. These contacts keep in touch with 100,000 women who are ready at a moment's notice to drop everything and go a-picketing.

WSP leaders seem to be as one in their belief that the United States is the culprit in the prolonged disarmament and nuclear test talks with the Soviet Union. Says Mrs. Ruth Gage Colby of New York City, international coordinator of WSP: "Since the war all the calls for peace have come from the East," *i.e.*, Moscow.

Mrs. Wilson thinks the United States is being unreasonable—downright capricious—in its demand for inspection sites within the Soviet empire. "There are enough stations," she declares airily, "I don't know what kind they are—all over the world able to tell what they're testing. And the Russians don't want us on their territory until we're really disarmed. . . . I think they are diffident to show us their marbles. And I think it is unfair for us to say we want to go in and look at them."

Not since the late thirties and early forties have religious and secular peace groups in this country been as vociferous and active as they are today. The number and size of these groups are not easy to ascertain. There are groups within groups; WSP, for example, insists it has no formal membership, just women who believe in the "cause." But it is obvious the Communists are deeply involved.

At the first big show in California, in front of the Oakland City Hall, on November 1, 1961, 90 women participated. Of these, 32 were recognized as active Communist Party members or members of various pro-Communist organizations. At a rally in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park in the spring of 1962 there were more than 50 hard-core Communists, pro-Communists and fellow travelers among the 1,200 persons present.

But there were many others, like the grey-haired matron of sixty-eight, who explained how she happened to be taking part in WSP.

"My sister telephoned me from Berkeley," she said. "She got a phone call yesterday from somebody who told her to bring two other women with her. I was supposed to bring two women with me but I couldn't get anyone to come."

This woman was not a member of any peace organization. She certainly was not a Communist, nor even a Left-winger. Like her sister, who had responded to a telephone call from a total stranger urging "unity for peace," she sincerely believes we will have peace, if only we stop testing.

She and thousands like her, all good Americans, are unwittingly furthering the Communist conspiracy through participating in these peace and ban-the-bomb demonstrations. It would be to their interest, one would think, to have HUAC identify the Communists in their midst so that they could be rooted out. But Mrs. Wilson and her cohorts don't want this. The question is—why?

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First National Poetry Festival: A Report

For three days, the poets assembled fought the tired battles of the twenties, then Robert Frost appeared and jolted the meeting into focus

GUY DAVENPORT

While the First National Poetry Festival convened in Coolidge Auditorium of the Library of Congress to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse,* one of the hardier survivors of the Renaissance of 1910 (its founder and first editor Harriet Monroe died in 1936; its present editor is the poet Henry Rago), and to inaugurate an annual *Oktoberfest,* sponsored by the Republic, of recitations and critical scrutiny, Ezra Pound dozed under his editor's eyeshade on the Via MacKay in Rapallo; William Carlos Williams sat in the morning sun among his Demuths, Sheelers, and Audubons at 9 Ridge Road, Rutherford, N.J., T. S. Eliot was at his desk in Russell Square; Marianne Moore was painting watercolors in Greece. At the last minute Robert Penn Warren fell ill in Connecticut and Robert Lowell and John Hall Wheelock sent their regrets. Archibald MacLeish, Conrad Aiken, and Arthur Freeman budged not from Cambridge. Kenneth Patchen, Allen Ginsberg, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Gregory Corso, Carl Sandburg, Richmond Lattimore, and W. H. Auden moved in courses which did not transverse the Library of Congress, where one could hear a confused high-school girl saying to the battalion of poetic genius before her, "But, I mean, you're all *college professors!*"

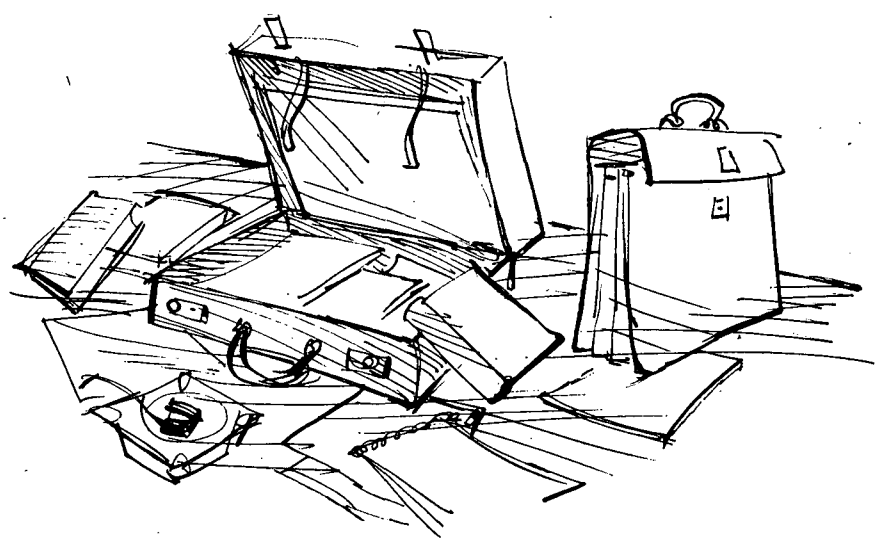
The festival raged for three days, mornings, afternoons, and evenings. There were some heady moments, some beautiful fights, and in among the heavyweight talk some fine exchanges among masters of words, as when Muriel Rukeyser, embattled in a plea for volcanic spontaneity as the unfettered condition of poetry, brought J. V. Cunningham to his feet to say, "Madame, you are an eloquent and warm-blooded woman. I am a cold-blooded reductionist. Let us leave it at that." Whereupon Sir Herbert Read announced that form was shape, and that shape was economy. Cunningham rose again. "Sir Herbert," he said, "my meditations on form began in profound disagreement with you and I have had no occasion to change my mind."

Hard Times at Hand

The session, given over to worrying publicly about poetry's audience in America, began in antique ideas and soon foundered. Miss Babette Deutsch (Mrs. Avrahm Yarmolinsky), still on the barricades of the twenties, asked (glass of water in hand), "Who answers to the name of poet, what manner of man or woman?" Her water reminded her that Shelley, Hart Crane, Virginia Woolf, and Li Po all drowned. Then she assured us that no beatniks were present and that only Sir Herbert Read spoiled the gathering's being a proletarian bloc. As evidence of poetry's hard times Miss Deutsch produced *The Congressional Anthology,* offensive in the first instance through its sponsorship by the International Christian Leaders, a "pious and patriotic" club, and in the second by its generous connoisseurship of Edgar Albert Guest and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Kipling's "If" and Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" also appear in this compendium (Kenton Kilmer, the poet's son, was in our audience) along with other *detrimenta.* Whereas, we were told, Russian poets of the first water enjoy a "large and enthusiastic public," Tovarishch Yevtushenko and his following being evinced as a more ideal relationship than the American poet can claim (except, of course, those who don't deserve it and get quoted by legislators). Langston Hughes jovially denied Miss Deutsch's contentions, giving his own lively career as counter-evidence.

Mr. Howard Nemerov spoke in despair. A sweet despair, to be sure, and having made a disclaimer of patriotism for himself and one for poetry as "a ministry of propaganda and culture," he animadverted on the delicate uselessness of poetry, shuddered to contemplate "the grim phalanx of poets" before him, announced that "life is hopeless and beautiful," and sat down.

Mr. Karl Shapiro wistfully re-



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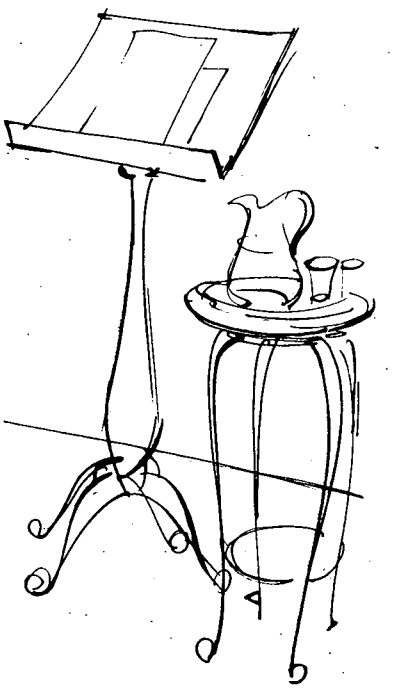
ported that Yevtushenko's poetry sells in editions of 100,000, begged not to be mistaken for a patriot if he used the adjective "American," recommended euthanasia for American poetry, and revealed that the real poetry of the U.S. is its prose. "The dawn of American poetry still lies ahead."

There was an embarrassing moment when Mr. John Klapack asked, "What is a poem?" Richard Wilbur, to whom the question was directed, declined to answer. Mr. Nemerov offered an emendation of Archibald MacLeish: a poem should mean *and* be. Mr. Untermeyer also declined to answer the question but warned us that poets are not seers nor sages nor philosophers. Mr. Wilbur then proceeded to suggest that if one has to ask, one is never going to know what a poem is.

Peculiarity of the Age

From time to time within the polemic, rhetorical questions, and incredibly opaque formal papers ("the *impulsion* to continue with the alexandrine," "a poetic hold of a focus of a range of reference") there were hopeful moments when it seemed that somone might say something significant. "I have never heard the beatniks read," John Crowe Ransom said, "but I understand that they sometimes read to musical accompaniment." Prof. James V. Baker, of the University of Houston, referred to Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* as "a verbal vomit" and hoped that Allen Tate would agree; but Mr. Tate refused "to authorize that identification." Miss Deutsch declared that our poets will be read when "superannuated ideas are not allowed to control twentieth-century weapons, and it must be soon," and when she was asked to retract her words, quoted Kierkegaard on the propensities of swine. Mr. Tate confessed publicly that he had recently refused to write for the *Saturday Evening Post* and now feels that he did wrong. And so it went, until one began to see that panel discussions will go down in history as one of the characteristic aberrations of our age, as peculiar to us as bull leaping to Cnossans.

Robert Frost, entering, brought the audience to its feet. The real tradition which for three days eluded the



wits and embarrassed the critics was palpably present. With shuffling nonchalance the smiling poet began to construct the past that had cared for him in his beginning: Harold Munro, "a poet who ran a bookstore," his early publishers, Susan Hayes Ward, Thomas Byrd Mosher, Edward Thomas, Lascelles Abercrombie, Mark Van Doren. He saved until the end of his talk his eulogy to Harriet Monroe and Ezra Pound. Two themes figured in intricate contrast through his splendidly rambling talk. One was a modest but firm inspection of the spirit of his own poetry. "It's tone I'm in love with; that's what poetry is, tone." The other was a sly, shrewd commentary on his recent Russian visit, which he ironically called "an experiment in translation" that turned out to be an "absolute loss." "I couldn't see if my poetry was any good in Russian and they couldn't see if I was any good in English. It was like duelling with battle-axes at a hundred yards in fog." When he complained that *they* cannot distinguish grievance from grief; that is, politics from poetry, one felt that *they* were not merely "the Great Man" (he referred to Khrushchev in no other way throughout) and all his works and all he stands for, but to the forces inimical to poetry everywhere. "A Liberal," he said, "is a man too broadminded to take his own side in a quarrel." And: "A Liberal would rather fuss with the Gordian knot than cut it." He remembered that the Great Man had said to him, "As Gorki remarked to Tolstoy, 'There's such a thing as a country's being too soft-hearted to fight.'" Then with mischief in his eyes: "Very intellectual, that Great Man!"

'Great Man' of Grievances

No one imagined that this grand old voice was anything but independence itself, nonpartisan except to his own tough mastery of poetry and a jealous love of freedom. He had, "out of courtesy," referred to "our two kinds of democracy" in the Great Man's presence and had been assured by him personally of Russia's dedication to peace. The Cuban rockets were being seated even as those words were spoken and as Frost spoke that night our fleet was on its way to effect the blockade. "I feel let down by him, you know."

But if the manipulators of grievances had let him down, so had the defenders against grief, the poets before him. It was tradition and its memory and care that he insisted on finally. He accused his learned audience of not knowing its real past. To prove it, he quoted lovingly a passage of poetry beginning "The old agitation of myrtles and roses . . ." and confidently but sadly said that no one there could identify it. And no one could.

Medisomething?

A medicine man had a medical plan,
So he took to the road with a show.
Said he, "Beat the drums loud
To get up a crowd,
And we'll gather up votes as we go."
But the medical men viewed the
medical plan
With a dim and jaundiced view,
Pointing out lacks and numerous
cracks,
As medical men will do.
"It makes me so mad," cried the
medicine lad,
But his bludgeon, it never will
fail.
So relax, we're getting a cure for
our ills:
With the medical gentry
Driven out of the country,
There'll be nobody left to send
bills!

CARMEN LULVES

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. . . AND A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR

W. H. VON DREELE

As Britain's Queen rewards the few
On New Year's Day, with honors due,
We thought it would be fun to list
Conservatives we can't resist—
Along with kooks who give us pain,
Like Warren's krazy kats, and SANE.

So, to begin! A vote of thanks
To all our advertisers. (Banks
Are, consequently, more benign),
So double thanks, Vat 69,
Milium, Brady, Kentile, Allen-Bradley!
We love yez all; we love yez madly.

In Congress, Charley Halleck's won
Our uninhibited "Well Done."
He gave the Liberals a tussle
(With help from Messrs. Byrd and Russell)
And drew recruits from everywhere
To slay the ghastly Medicare.

Moreover, a *bravissimo*
For Jaquith, Judd and Rousselot.
To Dodd, we give Katangese medals
For showing what Adoula peddles.
And for incisive thrust and parry,
A rousing three-times-three for Barry!

And while we're at it, let's applaud
That hoary group which over-awed
Each leftist law before fruition:
The Northern-Southern coalition.
For tearing Jack's ideas to pieces,
Congrats! We hope your tribe increases.

Abroad, we're modestly impressed
That Nehru's leaning toward the West.
Yes, Menon's gone! (It took the Chink
To sack the Pandit's weakest link.)
Huzzahs for Tshombe! Chiang Kai-shek!
We'll beat the Commies yet, by heck.

To *all* our friends, a big bouquet;
To YAF; to Hoovers H. and J.;
To Hazlitt, Moley, van den Haag;
Our ganglia are all agog
For you! But space necessitates
Some stanzas for our special hates.

To clear the decks, let's simply list
The ones who "never will be missed."
There's Jack and Ted and Mom and Bobby;
There's Frank Sinatra's clannish lobby;
The Shrivers figure in the plot—
In short, the whole dynastic lot.

In Cuba, it was quite a thrill
To march, with vigah, up the hill.
But then we paused and counted ten . . .
And then we marched back down again.
(Dismantling a missile's swell,
But Jack forgot about Fidel.)

Let's face it; if we had our way
We'd hold a hot *auto-da-fé*
For pushers of the old No-Win,
Then bulldoze through to East Berlin!
But this is hard to execute
With gentlemen. We need a brute.

Well, obviously, Adlai's not,
While Bowles and Rostow both have got
The hots for "an accommodation"
(With cheers from Lippmann and the *Nation*).
With every card and every chip,
Between the cup and lip—they'd slip.

To turn to matters literary,
Everybody here was very
Happy with "Advise." The flick,
However, left us feeling sick.
We're sorry Drury found it hard
To veto Sunset Boulevard.

To all the rest we've failed to name
(Like Nelson Rockefeller): Shame!
We fail to understand adults
Who sacrifice to leftist cults.
Why not a New Year's resolution?
Let's up the U. S. Constitution!

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Students as Activists

Just as businessmen naturally are busy, so the essence of the student's vocation, one must assume, is to study. Yet there exist persons who think that the student ought to give primacy to demonstrations and manifestos. Last summer, for instance, the headquarters of the United States National Student Association mailed to its student leaders a lengthy mimeographed document, somewhat cloaked in sociological jargon, the author of which argued, in effect, that students ought to spend their time perfecting society—and to let learning, if need be, go hang.

Kirk

This study-document, one is happy to note, is not reflected in the "Codification of Policy" of the National Student Association issued after that body's 1962 Congress. Indeed, the Codification puts the matter thus: "While recognizing that the student must devote primary attention to this academic program, the USNSA urges student participation in legitimate social and political activities."

At least the NSA recognizes that learning takes pride of place. Yet most of the Codification is concerned not with the life of intellect and imagination, but rather with political and social pronunciamentos, sometimes of a character at once naive and *ex cathedra*. More than a page, for instance, is devoted to "Africa under Portugese Domination," a problem with only the most remote relationship to the concerns of American students; while the Republic of South Africa is condemned in more than two pages, including a demand that the United States commence an economic boycott of South Africa.

In contrast, the Codification does contain one page concerned with "The Aims of Education," with two very sound paragraphs:

"Atmosphere: American colleges lack devotion to the intellect, a sense of dedication and a profound respect for the education which the student should be pursuing. The loss of the proper intellectual climate has been accompanied by a misdirection of extra-curricular activities through an over-emphasis on social, athletic and governmental activities for their own sake rather than for the sake of the overall educational process.

"The Individual: USNSA has observed that in the haste to bring more education to more people, and as a result of the change in the emphasis of education from academic achievement to social adjustment, the individual—the center of the educational process—has been forgotten. The aim of education is individual development—not social adjustment."

Nature of the Academy

Well said! As one of the six national advisors to the USNSA, I should like to see a good deal more attention paid to these primary and pressing concerns of students as members of the Academy—and less fuss about settling instanter complex questions which have puzzled the wisest statesmen of all ages.

I interject that, as a professor of politics, I am pleased whenever undergraduates take a serious interest in political theory, and in the greater controversies of our political era. Most students are interested in little but self-advancement, if that. I do not mean to discourage prudent political activity among students—so long as students remember that the Academy, by its nature, is a place for valuable leisure and contemplation and the acquisition of knowledge. The university is not the world. For action, university and college graduates will have plenty of opportunity all the rest of their lives. But never again will they have four years among scholars and books, in which to prepare themselves for the reasonable action which is the duty of every able man.

In considerable part, the Academy is intended for what the late Gordon Chalmers—after Sir Thomas Elyot—called "the education of governors": the intellectual disciplining of the leaders of our society, who must learn how to govern themselves as well as to take a part in the direction of the state. If that discipline is neglected by the student himself, the college graduate must be an incompetent governor in later years. As Lord Keynes said once, today's classroom lectures become the slogans of tomorrow's crowd. And if the lectures and the books have taken second place to sit-ins, intemperate student journalism, and an amorphous, bumbling eagerness to give orders—at the age of nineteen or twenty—to all the dominations and powers on earth, then the slogans of tomorrow's crowd in the street will be the cant of demagogues and of men who cannot govern themselves, let alone a great nation.

Action is not lacking among students in the Latin American, African, and Japanese universities of our time. But those institutions are conspicuously deficient in students really ready to prepare themselves for the business of life. In Egypt, students riot upon governmental mandate, on officially-proclaimed "demonstration days." At the same time, to give any Egyptian student a grade inferior to "A" is said to put any professor in danger of his life. I trust that American student leaders do not take Egypt as a model for "social consciousness" among undergraduates.

There are encouraging signs that the USNSA is returning to work upon our higher learning. In such matters, students can speak of what they know, rather than echoing the pronouncements of the *Nation*. As Irving Babbitt wrote at the beginning of the century, "Of action we shall have plenty in any case; but it is only by a more humane reflection that we can escape the penalties to be exacted from any country that tries to dispense in its national life with the principle of leisure."

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Why We Flounder

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

This book will, I predict, either provoke a storm of protest or meet the stoniest of silences. For it is an examination of American foreign policy that hardly mentions the existence of those nuclear weapons which many insist "must" bring about an entire change in the relations between nations, and the end of "power politics." Molnar denies not only this assumption, but the validity of most of the other conceptions of our policy-makers. In fact, he finds the American people (and to a lesser extent the British) organically ill-equipped to play their necessary role in today's crisis. His book is an intelligent attempt to tell us why—and to draw the necessary conclusions.

Like Hans Morgenthau and Henry Kissinger, only more so, Molnar is a realist. And like them he is foreign-born—which may help him view America more objectively than most. Certainly, in his criticism of the failings of successive American Administrations, he goes far beyond these two. In his eyes, our failure to deal successfully with aggressive Communism, or even fully to understand it, is not, as many assume, merely the result of our inexperience and our reluctance to assume world leadership as a permanent role. It is inherent in our "Anglo-Saxon," and more specifically our American, mentality; for this mentality includes a readiness to compromise which leads to total incomprehension of "commitment and fanaticism and generally of the abysses of the soul." (Think of the way most Americans and Britishers refused to take Hitler seriously.)

The Two Faces of American Foreign Policy, by Thomas Molnar. Bobbs-Merrill, $5.00

In consequence our policy towards Communism has been conducted by two equally ineffective types of men. The first are "pragmatic" political scientists who are "trying to see foreign politics as analogous to internal politics." The second are "Liberal preachers" (like the authors of the recent *Liberal Papers*) who cannot admit that Communism is the "mortal enemy of free men," and endeavor to substitute for historically permanent conflict between nations "some utopian form of organization."

The "Liberal intellectuals turned social engineers" understand neither human nature (basically unchanging), nor the fact that nations, unlike individuals, exist in a "state of nature" where no legal writ runs. (I prefer to call this a state of anarchy; Molnar dissents.) "Nations always follow their own interests; they try to secure advantages; they submit only to force. . . . Mankind has not yet coalesced into a total society on a planetary level."

Our leaders, on the other hand, expect new circumstances like the appearance of nuclear weapons to create a new world consciouness or "world morality." Hence they try to extend legal concepts from the domestic to the foreign field and rely on something as intangible as the alleged power of public opinion. In consequence, they feel more at home with undeveloped new peoples than with "decaying old colonial nations" (Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s expression for our major allies!); urge the former to remain non-aligned; "angelize" the concept of force; and "wobble between softness and show of power."

Molnar outlines what he calls the American dilemma: "The United States is unable to decide whether it is still the young republic of 1776, idealistic, revolutionary and a fairly sizable power among the world's nations, or whether it is the strongest imperial power of the post-1945 world, with vast involvements and precise interests everywhere on the planet, thus conservative, a guardian of the status quo and of a certain way of life. The two images are incompatible."

The result is that, instead of laying down the law wherever we can to the full extent of our power and being respected, we try to be loved and "unthinkingly promote revolutionary movements in various parts of the world, without being able either to channel them, reap long-range benefits from them or prevent Soviet Russia—our enemy—from ultimately exploiting them for its own purposes."

MOLNAR insists that both Marxism and the American ideology hope to supplant politics and rivalry by social techniques and administrative organization, and believe that governments are temporary necessities to be kept only until the moral improvement of the people makes them unnecessary. (The state withers away.) But whereas the Russians recognize that their ideology and interests will never coincide with those of the United States, Americans like to look forward to a gradual convergence of both. Hence they offer but half-hearted resistance to the "amalgam of contemporary utopianism, Marxist doctrine and Communist propaganda to which they are subjected."

For American intellectuals have a double standard of political morality (which they pursue with the "ferocity natural to starry-eyed humanitarians"): one for the Left and one for the Right. (Thus Batista, Trujillo, Franco, Salazar and Chiang Kai-shek are "bad," while Nkrumah, Nasser, Sukarno, Sekou Touré and the like are looked upon with indulgence.) This comes out in the current campaign against Germany in America

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(and, I might add, in Britain). Any realist should know that Germany is the natural ally of the United States against the USSR. Another difference: the USSR accepts the United Nations solely as a forum to be used for its purposes. It counts on the emergence of ever more "neutral" nations to weaken the West. The United States promotes non-alignment under the illusion that the non-aligned will dampen the ferocity of the conflict. In the process the United States itself emerges as a *neutral nation.*

Such is an imperfect outline of the author's analysis.

A reader may well ask, does Molnar see any hope for our side? Yes, he answers, but only if we Americans get down to earth, treat an enemy as an enemy, and renounce the whole elaborate make-believe of "peaceful coexistence." Recognizing that the essence of politics is power, "we should make our position of strength so clear that it should be to the interest of others to adjust to it. A great power is like a magnet; it forms an invisible line of force that becomes the decisive organizational principle for the world." The USSR presumably cares more about world power than becoming an affluent society. "The Cold War will be won by the power that takes the initiative and brings it to enemy territories, that exploits these possibilities and that, by not being afraid to hold unilaterally the Damocles sword over the head of the enemy and its allies, retains full mobility and freedom of action."

THIS is the author's recipe for success. Since his book is a *cri du coeur,* it tends to be repetitive and to overstate its case. For instance, that human nature is unlikely to change simply because of the threat of "total annihilation" is no reason, in my opinion, why some way should not be found to control or minimize the use of these weapons. Moreover, the technological need for ever greater economic areas will surely tend to the further consolidation of national trading units into ever larger units, perhaps ultimately into a single loose community with a single limited authority. (Obviously there can be no such authority so long as the ideological split prevents something like a real consensus.) Molnar seems to believe that nothing of the sort is possible, in which case either the field will remain open for a single power to attempt what would amount to world rule, or the spread of nuclear weapons will add even greater sharpness to the rivalry between competing superpowers.

Another caveat: while it is time that American conservatives more readily accept the full implications of Communist enmity, some of our toughest anti-Communists *are* Liberals. I need refer only to Senators Dodd and Douglas, labor personalities like George Meany and Jay Lovestone, and the philosopher Sidney Hook.

One may also wonder if by and large American intellectuals are really more mentally astigmatic than those of West Europe. For sheer wrongheadedness, few Americans can compare with Bertrand Russell or Jean-Paul Sartre.

But these are minor criticisms of a remarkable, even a startling book. It will be interesting to note what, if any, defense our policy-makers will find against Molnar's devastating analysis of their mistakes.

Oscariana

SIR SHANE LESLIE

OSCAR WILDE'S collected letters will be referred to perhaps as long as English literature lasts. Apart from the immense epistle which was written to Alfred Douglas from Reading Gaol and published in sections as *De Profundis,* here are notes, epigrams, flashes of drama, comments and agonies—a work of devoted research covering 900 pages. Yet how much is missing? How many lovely collections worthy of writer and of recipient were hastily destroyed in the panic following the trial; the letters, for instance, to Lily Langtry and to Rennell Rodd. But much has survived, by care or chance, to delight readers of Oscariana.

The Letters of Oscar Wilde, edited by Rupert Hart-Davis. Harcourt, $15.00

Reviewers of this book have found their task easy by simply quoting new letters, primrosing the primrose path. The best I can do is to cast memories which I picked up in boyhood after his death, when Englishmen began very cautiously to recall that a great wit and dramatist had once moved in their midst. For a long time the Victorian *paterfamilias* would sternly forbid Wilde's name to be spoken under the unsullied roof tree. The first mention I ever heard was in my Irish home when a famous guest, John Pentland Mahaffey, who became Provost of Trinity, Dublin, recalled Wilde as his pupil. Mahaffey set out to polish this son of a Dublin oculist and, as it were, to whip so much bog-butter into cream. He made him a first-rate Greek scholar and taught him the art of conversation, the art with which Oscar conquered London.

Oscar Wilde: *"English literature owes him much."*

Wilde always acknowledged his first and only master and no one mourned his fall more bitterly than the old Provost, who lived to survive the First War.

Mahaffey was proud that he had prevented Oscar's joining the Catholic Church, which the aesthete pronounced to be the "Gate Beautiful" to the other world. Though Oscar was already ensconced at Magdalen College, Oxford, Mahaffey diverted him to a tour in Greece. As he said,

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"Oscar, we will make a good pagan of you." Like Oscar's father, he felt that conversion to Rome would spoil his social success.

I have it first hand from Mahaffey and from Bodley, Wilde's close friend at Oxford, that his life was morally straight at both academies, though he was naturally chaffed for the aesthetic ideas he took straight from Pater, who corrupted his mind, according to Bodley.

CAME the appalling trial, which Oscar would never have faced had he dreamed that perjured evidence from wretched creatures in the grip of the police would be used against him. The late Lord Birkenhead considered that the case should never have occurred and that he could have scattered the evidence. Oscar's counsel were quite unprepared for the crisis and, the law being what it was, a crushing sentence followed. To subject a man of delicate perception and literary genius to two years of hard labor in a Victorian prison was more than a punishment, it was a means of destroying body and mind. His soul slipped over to Rome from a Parisian deathbed.

Fortunately, after the initial anguish, he was not over-ill-treated, and his first prison governor, who was a surly brute, was exchanged for a more humane specimen. Frank Harris, of course, claimed that he was responsible for the improved conditions. As a matter of fact, these were effected by Lord Haldane, who arranged that books and writing materials should be brought to the cell of the convict labelled C.3.3. Haldane was then plain Mister and far distant from being Lord Chancellor, but he dared do what most public men were cravenly ashamed to do — sympathize with Oscar's plight in prison.

Oscar's last warder told me he had been instructed to let him loose on the world, when his sentence was completed, as unobservedly as possible. So they avoided Reading Station and took the London train from Twyford. The warder was much upset when Oscar, noticing signs of spring, went into ecstasy and opened his arms towards some budding bush, crying out: "Oh beautiful world! Oh beautiful world!" The warder implored him to keep quiet: "Now, Mr. Wilde, you musn't give yourself away like that. You're the only man in England who would talk like that in a railway station." A good warder he was, and told me that later every warder in England had read *The Ballad of Reading Gaol.*

OSCAR stands or falls, is judged or misjudged, forever by this collection of his most private letters, letters which he could never have dreamed would be hoarded into collections or read round the world. To read them all together raises him from the dead and proves a far nobler commemoration that the dreadful sphinx Epstein designed for his tomb in Père Lachaise Cemetery, a sphinx so indecent that the public authorities of Paris for some time concealed it with tarpaulins, before it was mutilated.

Oscar no doubt had sinned against scriptural and social standards, but he paid a cruel penalty. English literature owes him much. May we put these lines into the dead, once flashing lips:

To the People of the Righteous Island
I showed Beauty in her nakedhood
but they clothed me in a sackcloth.
I piped to them and they made me
step the Saraband of Shame.
I gave them back the gift of Comedy
and they made my life a Tragedy.
I was Lord of Language and they
left me to rot in gaol.
I can forgive but they cannot forget.

FDR's December 7th

GEORGE MORGENSTERN

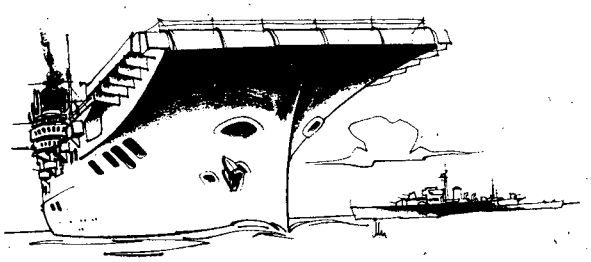
THE PERPLEXITIES of Franklin Roosevelt in 1941, as war bubbled around him on two continents, were many. He itched to be in the brawl. He had submitted himself for a third term, however, on the pledge that the United States would not go to war "except in case of attack." The American people had little enthusiasm for the adventure, and Congress was hostile.

Pearl Harbor: Warning and Disaster, by Roberta Wohlstetter, Stanford, $7.50

Mr. Roosevelt fished in the Atlantic for an "incident," but Hitler would not oblige him. The Japanese ambassador, Admiral Nomura, observed that the Pacific might provide a "back door" to war if it could not be had at the front door. In the late winter and spring of 1941, Mr. Roosevelt's military agents, in staff conversations at Washington and Singapore, undertook secret commitments to the British and Dutch in the Pacific. These were approved by the President, "except officially." Lines of interdiction against Japanese advance were defined. Once crossed, the United States was to fight, even in the absence of a direct attack upon United States territory.

This condition arrived at 10:40 a.m. on December 6, 1941, when Japanese convoys rounded Cambodia Point and headed west into the Gulf of Siam. What Secretary of Labor Perkins called Mr. Roosevelt's "terrible moral problem" was now acute. Mindful of his campaign pledges, he had repeatedly warned American forces that Japan must commit "the first overt act." Yet he had to deliver on his commitments to his unacknowledged allies or be deemed a shirker. On the other hand, only Congress, under the Constitution, could declare war, and there was the companion dilemma of "how to move American public opinion."

The attack on Pearl Harbor less than 27 hours later took Mr. Roosevelt and his associates off the hook. As Secretary of War Stimson remarked, "Now the Japanese have solved the whole thing by attacking



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Random Notes

● AWARD: The Harriet Monroe Memorial Prize augmented to $500 by its anonymous donor in commemoration of the magazine *Poetry's* fiftieth anniversary, has been given to Ezra Pound. The award could have gone to any contributor since 1912. Pound, who lives in Italy, sometimes at his daughter's castle near Merano, sometimes at his old haunts in Rapallo, has recovered from his operation of last August and was recently reported seen afoot in Venice where he wrote his first book of poems in 1908.

● MOVIES AND PLAYS: The film version of O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night,* now running to three hours' length, is to be cut for its showing beyond the big cities. We remember all the hullabaloo about its being filmed word for word as O'Neill wrote it. . . . Evelyn Waugh's *A Handful of Dust* (1934) will be filmed by Sam Marx and John Florea—Waugh's first novel to make the screen.

For four years Kurt Ulrich has had Bertolt Brecht's and Kurt Weill's *Threepenny Opera* in production in Berlin, and under the terms of his contract must finish it before January 1963, or, as *Variety* reports, the film rights for which Ulrich paid $80,000 revert to Weill's widow, Lotte Lenya and to Brecht's widow, Helene Weigel. Curt Jurgens plays Mackie; Hildegard Neff, Jenny; June Ritchie, Polly Peachum; Gert Froebe, Mr. Peachum; and Hilde Hildebrandt, Mrs. Peachum. The film is being shot multilingually—in German, French, and English.

Meanwhile a print of the 1920 version, directed by G. W. Pabst, has turned up and can be seen at the art houses. It is worth a look. For all its antique ideology (Brecht was a crafty Communist who kept his money in capitalist securities) the *Threepenny Opera* has the universality and humanity of Gay's opera on which it is based . . . and the Weill-Brecht style of transposing existing plays into new modes (Brecht made an opera, a novel, and a film of *Threepenny*) has inspired another version of one of the century's favorite themes: Lulu, the Eternal Woman in her female-spider role. (She's in Thomas Mann's *Felix Krull,* Joachim Maas' *The Gouffé Case,* and in diminutive as Nabokov's *Lolita.*) The new Lulu is to be a Brechtian adaptation by Hans Pavel and Heinar Kipphardt of Benjamin Franklin Wedekind's two plays *Der Erdgeist* (1895) and *Die Büchse der Pandora* (1903), which have already been made into a tone-row opera and Grand Guignol spectacle by the Viennese composer Alban Berg.

● FAREWELL, FLOURISH, AND FAREWELL, PICA FLOWERS: Next, red firetrucks with brass ornaments will go, and Oswego, N. Y., will take down from the Square its enameled cast-iron fireman holding up the Saved Baby: The Gospel Trumpet Company, of Anderson, Indiana, publishers to the Church of God, has changed its name to Warner Press, and *The Gospel Trumpet* is now *Vital Christianity.* O Liberals, spare us something.

● BOOKS: Children's books are looking up. For one thing, there's a fine coloring book about (really for children this time) *The Great Masters Coloring Book* (Planners Press, $2.95). Arynne Abeles Bermont thought it up: reproductions of paintings with facing outlines to be crayoned in. . . . Macmillan has commissioned a series of books ($1.95 each) for children by writers who aren't usually found at such labors. Jean Stafford has done *The Lion and the Carpenter and Other Tales from the Arabian Nights;* Randall Jarrell has translated Ludwig Bechstein's *The Rabbit Catcher* and also the Brothers Grimm's *The Golden Bird and Other Fairy Tales.* John Updike has written an introduction to Oscar Wilde's *The Young King;* Elizabeth Bowen, to Ruskin's *King of the Golden River;* and the late Isak Dinesen, to Andersen's *Thumbelina.*

us directly in Hawaii." Prime Minister Churchill duly noted that "the President and his trusted friends . . . had long writhed under the restraints of Congress [and] a Japanese attack upon the United States was a vast simplification of their problem and their duty."

In *Pearl Harbor: Warning and Disaster,* Mrs. Wohlstetter does not labor this background. Her thesis is unique in two particulars. First, no one is blamed for the surprise at Pearl Harbor. Not the Hawaiian commanders, Admiral Kimmel and General Short, nominated as the fall guys by the Administration. Not Mr. Roosevelt and his "trusted friends." Not even Nomura and his fellow ambassador, Mr. Kurusu, who are properly relieved of accusations of deceit and bad faith.

More startling is the second conclusion—that high Washington authorities grouped around Mr. Roosevelt did not have an insufficiency of evidence warning against the time and place of attack; they had too much. They got confused by all the "noise" and failed to draw the right conclusions.

The Japanese diplomatic code, known as "Purple," had been cracked in August 1940. For sixteen months before Japan's air assault upon the Pacific fleet the highest military and civilian officers in Washington had an ear cocked to Japanese calculations and intentions. This priceless information was not relayed to the commanders in the theaters. The high authorities who contained this information within their circle assumed, in consequence, responsibility to act upon the information promptly and effectively. This they did not do. Mrs. Wohlstetter does not dispute that the limited group with the power of action should have "taken the complete responsibility for specifying the date and degree of alert required [in the theaters] and for following up the order to see that it had been put into effect." Instead, such warnings as they addressed to the field were muddy, misleading, deficient, or too late.

The Japanese signals read by Roosevelt and his circle in Washington were, she concedes, "obviously

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explicable . . . in terms of the Japanese attack." She terms it "incredible in retrospect that they were not so interpreted." The crisis of December 1941, she says, "seemed painfully obvious to Washington"; there were signals "which seem to stand out and scream of the impending catastrophe"; there were "very obvious clues to a direct Japanese attack upon the United States," and Washington's "inability to predict such an attack can easily be made to look like gross stupidity or negligence or a conspiracy to conceal vital information."

Yet this is a judgment from which Mrs. Wohlstetter resolutely turns. The denial of information to the field commanders, she maintains, *"need not be* explained by a conspiracy of silence." And, with equal charity, she relieves everyone of accusations of "negligence or stupidity." It would all seem to have been just a generalized goof-off.

To interpret the "screaming" messages of disaster now as they should have been read in 1941 by those who had assumed the responsibility is, she says, "hindsight" — an apologia not unfamiliar in this context. By her account, the failure to anticipate Pearl Harbor was not because of "want of relevant materials, but because of a plethora of irrelevant ones." Yet some of the principal actors have signified that meanings were not lost upon them at the time they read the signals.

THE FIRST thirteen parts of the final Japanese reply to the United States, distributed the night of December 6, are dismissed by Mrs. Wohlstetter as containing nothing new. Yet President Roosevelt read from the message something of so startling a character that he exclaimed, "This means war!" — and did nothing. Similarly, Secretary Hull professed ability to interpret a key Japanese secret communication announcing that, after November 28, "things are automatically going to happen." His judgment was, "After that, war. The sword of Damocles which hung over our heads was therefore attached to a clockwork set to the hour."

Yet, when the Japanese ambassadors were directed to present their government's final reply to Hull at 1 p.m. Sunday, December 7, nobody did anything about the clockwork now triggered to the exact hour. Nothing was done. . . .

Even though the significance of 1 p.m. in Washington was pointed out to Hull and others in terms of daybreak at Oahu — the optimum hour for surprise air attack.

Even though it was known that the Axis had a penchant for attacking on week-ends.

Even though, in all Japanese wars of modern times, the severance of diplomatic relations had been timed to coincide with the outbreak of hostilities, and this, in turn, was inaugurated by a surprise attack on the enemy fleet. This had been true in the war with China in 1895, the attack on Port Arthur in 1904, and the war launched with Germany at Tsingtao in 1914.

And even though the voluminous spy messages to Tokyo plotting the mooring of the Pacific fleet (with directions to Honolulu to report in the final days "even when there are no movements") were inescapable reminders that "the invaluable fleet" was composed of sitting ducks—a "deterrent" to Japan, so Roosevelt and others professed to think; a target, in the estimation of perceptive American officers, and of the Japanese.

Mr. Roosevelt did not possess the convenience of the gold button by which American Presidents can now initiate war in a flash. Nor did he have the open-ended declarations of war embodied in congressional resolutions authorizing action at Presidential discretion in such places as the Formosa Strait, the Middle East, Cuba, or Berlin. But he made the best of such primitive devices as putting Japan through the economic wringer and stonily rebuffing every diplomatic overture. "I may never declare war," he said. "I may make war."

The Reality of Race

NATHANIEL WEYL

IF INTELLECTUAL integrity is more than a vestigial characteristic of American social science, the volume under review will be recognized as a major turning point in physical anthropology. Professor Carleton S. Coon, who is one of its most original and distinguished exponents, has marshalled evidence from such diverse fields as genetic theory, zoögeography, human physiology, the archaeology of Pleistocene and human anatomy to trace the descent of man and the emergence of races.

Coon gives massive evidence in support of *presapiens* raciation—that is to say, that mankind divided into races before reaching the *Homo sapiens* stage. This conclusion, which was advanced a generation ago by the late Franz Weidenreich, is substantiated by Coon's exhaustive anatomical studies of the relics of fossil man found in the 300-odd bone-bearing sites thus far uncovered.

Coon divides mankind into five great racial divisions: Caucasoid, Mongoloid, Australoid, Congoid and Capoid. Because of their drastic geographical isolation from the others, the Mongoloids evolved in the most specialized directions and present the clearest evidence of raciation, beginning with *Sinanthropus* of about 360,000 years ago. The Capoids (from the Cape of Good Hope) are represented by various vestigial dwarf groups, of which the Bushmen and Hottentots are the most important living examples. Coon gives evidence that full-sized Capoids occupied North Africa in the Pleistocene, but were driven southward by advancing waves of Caucasoids. When they reached tropical rain forests, they presumably completed the process of dwarfing, which Coon regards as evolutionary adaptation to limited terrain.

The Origin of Races, by Carleton S. Coon. Knopf, $10.00

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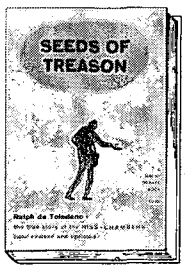

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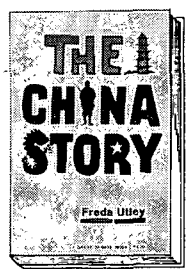

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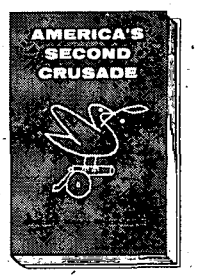

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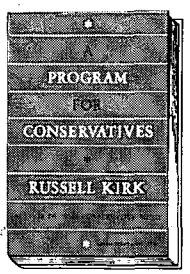

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The Origin of Races opens with a comprehensive analysis of those interactions between man and physical habitat that are capable of shaping races. These include not merely such zoological laws as those of Allen, Bergmann, Gloger and Rensch, but newly discovered data on the relationship of race to cold-and heat-tolerance, survival at high altitudes and natural selection for the endocrinalogical capacity to survive crowding and stress.

As an understandable reaction against the enormities of Nazism, the dominant school of social anthropology has pretended that races do not exist, has surrounded the word *race* with quotation marks or has brazenly asserted that race is "just a paint job." Thus, Ashley Montague in his inaccurate *Man: His First Million Years* (1949) actually included a chapter entitled "Race, A Modern Myth." The UNESCO pamphlets on race contain numerous falsifications of the evidence in furtherance of the egalitarian preconceptions of that organization.

"Races differ," writes Coon, "in the extent and manner in which the fine subcutaneous muscles of the lips and cheeks have become differentiated from the parent mammalian muscle body; in the chemical composition of hair and bodily secretions, including milk; in the ways in which different muscles are attached to bones; in the sizes and probable secretion rates of different endocrines; in certain details of the nervous system . . .; and in the capacity of individuals to tolerate crowding and stress." (p. 662.) He notes that the "invisible" racial markers of blood groups, hemoglobins and other biochemical characteristics "divide us into the same subspecies that we have long recognized on the basis of other criteria."

The volume under review does not discuss the comparative innate mental capacities of the different races. That task is reserved for a later volume, provisionally entitled *The Living Races of the World*. The present book deals with the descent of man. One cannot give an intelligence test to a fossil.

"However," writes Coon, "it is a fair inference that fossil men now extinct were less gifted than their descendants who have larger brains; that the subspecies which crossed the evolutionary threshhold into the category of *Homo sapiens* the earliest have evolved the most, and that the obvious correlation between the length of time a subspecies has been in the *sapiens* state and the levels of civilization attained by some of its populations may be related phenomena."

Applying this criterion, we find that the first Caucasoid *Homo sapiens* (Swanscombe or Steinheim man) is 300,000-350,000 years old. Our earliest Mongoloid *sapiens* find dates back 100,000-150,000 years. The evidence concerning Capoids is fragmentary. Within the Australoid race, we have *Homo sapiens* fossils dating 10,000 to 50,000 B.P. (Before Present), while in the case of the Congoid (Negroid) race there are no known *sapiens* bones as early at 10,000 years ago.

Judging by available fossils, the last Caucasoid *Homo erectus* flourished more than 450,000 years ago, the last Mongoloid *erectus* over 350,000 years ago, whereas, among the Congoids, *Homo erectus* was alive between 10,000 and 50,000 years ago.

The discovery of fire was of tremendous importance to man's development. It warded off carnivorous animals, kept men warm and dry, gave them cooked food and provided "a spatial nucleus," where they could gather at night, seeing each other's faces, talking, planning, dancing and observing rites. "It is difficult to see how, without fire, human society would have risen much above the level of that of baboons."

The chronology of fire also indicates racially disparate *tempi* of evolution. *Sinanthropus*—a Mongoloid *Homo erectus*—had fire in his cave in China 360,000 years ago. The first evidence of fire among Caucasoids comes from Swanscombe man who is over 300,000 years old. "Only in Africa," writes Coon, "is there evidence that fire arrived late, as late as 40,000 years ago. In the earlier habitation sites, such as Olorgesailie in Kenya, where layer after layer of hand axes, cleavers and meat bones have been excavated with the most meticulous care, not a trace of charcoal or charred bone has been found."

The painstaking excavators, Louis Leakey and Desmond Clark, conclude that virtually the entire hand-ax period in East Africa was fireless. "If future excavations confirm this erudite opinion, we shall have one ex-

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planation of the extraordinarily slow pace that human evolution followed, in the Middle and Late Pleistocene, in Africa south of the equator, and perhaps also south of the Sahara."

Coon believes racial mixture to be a much less significant factor in human evolution than the egalitarian school of sociology alleges. The restrictive factors include *xenophobia* and consequent *ghetti* and the fact that, when two races come into conflict, one generally proves superior in terms of the survival requirements of time, place and societary structure. Of the five great races, the Mongoloids and Causasoids have expanded southward from their polar and temperate habitats to dominate the earth. The Capoids and Australoids verge on extinction. The Negroid branch of the Congoid race has shown extraordinary viability for physical labor in the tropics; in Madagascar and the Latin American hotland it has displaced competing racial groups.

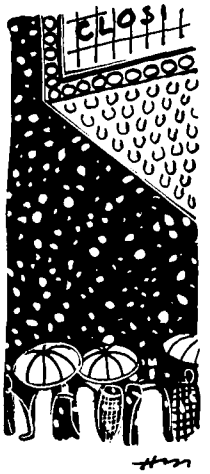
The dispassionate scholarship and challenging conclusions of Coon's work demand serious attention and sober consideration.

Theater

The 20th Century and All That...

W. H. VON DREELE

WHEN IT COMES to a good ear, Edward Albee stands alone. There is not one false verbal note in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* He leads his characters (small college faculty types) through stretches of acrid, raging, sometimes wildly funny dialogue without once stubbing his colloquial toe. Only Tennessee Williams can rival Mr. Albee's supersensitive eustachian tubes. He knows his speech patterns and he sets them down true.



What, then, does Mr. Albee set down? It is a view of human relations which, for sheer hate-drenched, corrosive malice, outdistances anything this playgoer has ever seen. George, a history professor (Arthur Hill) and his wife, Martha (Uta Hagen) stumble home after a late-hour faculty party.

For those bothered by the play's title, Martha provides early relief: someone at the party had sung the words in a silly song-and-dance routine which had amused her. That's all. Mr. Albee is simply following the current vogue for longer and longer play titles.

It is at once apparent that this is not a happy marriage. A squabble begins when Martha informs George that "guests are coming." (*It is 2:00* a.m.) These are Nick, a biology professor (George Grizzard) and his simpy-sweet wife, Honey (Melinda Dillon). At first, Honey and Nick look on while their hosts indict each other for, among other things, mendacity, sloth, hypocrisy, incest (implied) and homosexuality (hinted). The guests, along with the audience, are forced by Mr. Albee into convulsive giggles, guffaws and smirks as he deftly interlards the hate fest with burlesqueries and funnies. In stage argot, Act I really plays.

In the second act, the guests occupy the firing line. Under an umbrella of grotesque "games" and charades, each couple attacks the other, and then begins reacting against itself. Religion gets it. Honor thy father and thy mother is a huge joke. Chastity? Nick and Martha, before the studied nonchalance of George, have an unsuccessful go at it in the kitchen, after which Albee throws Martha the great line: "I am the Earth Mother, and you're all flops."

BUT HE fumbles the climax. It hangs on Martha's infraction of one of the "rules" of the game. Childless, she and George had conceived, nurtured and brought to his majority, a mythical son. When Martha describes their "son" to Honey, she breaks the rule —for this was a strictly private myth between her and George. It is here that Albee loses his theatrical touch. In a stagey bit of business, George, having broken the news that their "son" is "dead," reads in Latin the

7. Eat breakfast

8. Lose weight

9. Get more exercise (not touch footbal

10. Try to be cheerful about something I' not at all cheerfu about at least onc a day

11. Read more good book

12. Actually make some kind of effort to some of the above

13. Keep reading Natio Review, as usual, cover to cover, ma sure to skip nothi not even the class ads

14. Introduce a friend mine to National Re at least once a mo beginning this mont right now, in fact- tearing out the ca facing this page a giving it, along w my recommendation,

name of first lucky f goes here

Signed:

name of solemn pledgee here, preferably in bl

I further resolve cut out this pledg and place it in so obvious spot where cannot fail to see constantly.

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Roman Catholic requiem for the dead against an obligato of sobs and hysterical moans from Martha. It just does not go over. One looks uneasily about the theater waiting for the lines to pass. When they do, so does the play, quickly, leaving the audience unconvinced that with but a braver look at life and themselves they may escape from twenty years of married horror into some sort of peace and happiness.

But Mr. Albeee's heart is not in it. His view of the human condition is a dim one, indeed; too dim to be brightened by Act III's last few lines. He has booked passage on the "Ship of Fools," and, like Katherine Anne Porter, he is not optimistic about its destination. Like her, he has created characters which are hellish, monstrous. Thus, he even denies Martha a healthy relationship with her imagined child, for is it not odd to insist upon bathing, personally, one's sixteen-year-old "son"?

All of which is not to say that *Who's Afraid . . .* is a bore. Quite the opposite. And the acting is superb. But it is my feeling that Edward Albee has trespassed. All right; here we all are in the twentieth century. It's lonesome, and communication with other human beings is difficult. But things are not as black as Mr. Albee pictures them. He wrote a shaker of a play, but his message is just not believable.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE GERMAN OPPOSITION TO HITLER, AN APPRAISAL, by Hans Rothfels (Regnery, $4.00). If the importance of historical events is to be measured in terms of casual impact alone, then the German opposition to Hitler must be relegated to the limbo of interesting but unimportant facts. But because the enduringly historical lies in the realm of the ethically and culturally valuable the redemptive act of the German opposition is a fact of the greatest historical importance. Of all the difficult subjects of history, however, goodness is the most difficult to understand; the natural temptation of the historian is to explain it away and to suggest that good men were not really good men after all, but rather men who acted from self-interest which somehow coincided with the good. Much of the postwar literature dealing with the German opposition to Hitler assumed that the conspirators of July 20 were not good men after all and that they acted from self- or class-interest, rather than conscience. They were depicted as members of a conservative, aristocratic class or as defenders of the German General Staff, who ought to salvage something of their positions for a later day. The refutation of this distortion of the truth has produced a work of major historical importance. In writing this book Hans Rothfels has seen into the secret heart of history, where tragic choice confronts those who struggle both with their times and their consciences. He reveals a noble story which possesses all the cathartic power of great drama.

S. J. TONSOR

SOVIET FOREIGN POLICY: A PATTERN OF PERSISTENCE, by Anthony Trawick Bouscaren (Fordham, $5.00). Reviews of Soviet foreign policy are common enough; what is uncommon in Bouscaren's approach is his combination of common sense and solid scholarship. His survey finds that Soviet foreign policy today, as in 1917, is working for one goal: the triumph of Communism on a world-wide scale, a goal that seems a bit nearer in 1962. The book ends rather abruptly and without expressions of wild optimism; looking at the international situation and the current Western response, Bouscaren could find little basis for optimism.

W. D. JACOBS

THE WORLD'S MOST ORPHANED NATION, by Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty (Bookmailer, $3.00). The Rostows and Kennans who talk soothingly of "liberalization" behind the Iron Curtain might be answered at exhaustive length from the ranked testimony of Bolshevik theory and forty years of international anguish. There is, however, a simpler and more eloquent answer, in the living witness of a single man and a single nation. The man is Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty, the nation his tormented homeland, Hungary. As Mindszenty himself puts it, he is even today "a refugee in my own land," confined to the U.S. Legation in Budapest. In the eight years prior to the Hungarian revolution, he was a prisoner—subjected to brutalities and tortures which the Communists reserve for their most hated enemies. Now his collected statements during his long struggle have been put together in a moving and powerful volume. It is interesting to reflect, as one scans these brave, compassionate pages, that the men with whom our leaders now seek "accommodations" are the same men who put Mindszenty on the rack and crushed the Hungarian uprising. Perhaps this voice from the rim of agony can help retrieve us from our degradation. At once powerful and sorrowing, it speaks of everlasting strength even as it speaks of horrors which stun and of infamies beyond imagination. "On the horizon, where earth and sky meet, rises the resplendent Cross, our emblem and salvation, bidding us take heart and forge ahead. God's grace will light all loving souls who keep the faith." May the valor and the faith which shine so resplendently in this book be reflected in us, and end our weary sojourn in dishonor.

M. S. EVANS

I WAS AN NKVD AGENT, by Anatoli Granovsky (Devin-Adair, $4.75). What makes a man—finely machined by Communists to be betrayer of friends, male prostitute, and killer—decide to flee to the West? The author fails to answer this central question adequately, because he never brings us fully into his crisis of conscience. As a result, we do not feel involved in his dilemma, or in his desperate escape maneuvers. But if the book fails as a moving autobiography, it is nevertheless a useful addition to the library on Soviet tactics and treachery, and it has some valuable insights into the ways Western Liberals are duped into aiding the Communist conspiracy. The book is particularly recommended to the thousands of James Bond devotees who find themselves scorned by *soi-disant* sophisticates who sneer, "Soviet spies don't act that way."

D. G. M. COXE

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To the Editor

Liberty, Equality, Atheism

In his fine article attacking the monopolists of educationism [Dec. 31], Russell Kirk refers to the Mennonites who chose jail for themselves rather than Liberal life adjustment in prayerless schools for their children. This continuing attack on the Mennonites points up the way in which Liberalism oppresses small minority groups while piling up votes and bathos in defense of politically powerful minorities like Negroes and union members. The Mennonites have the longest record of persecution of any Christian sect, so they will doubtless humbly ignore the Liberals and brazenly continue to teach their children that religion is the most important part of education.

Philadelphia, Pa. A. R. WEBER

Council Counsel (cont.)

I would like to suggest a change in the caption over Evelyn Waugh's essay in the Dec. 4 issue. It now reads: "England's foremost novelist speaking here as a Catholic, etc." It should read: "England's foremost novelist speaking here as an *un-informed* Catholic, etc." . . .

I magnanimously offer NATIONAL REVIEW the right to reprint this letter. I suggest that you make it available to the public @ $.25 a copy (the same price as a reprint of the Waugh article). I generously donate all the royalties to the Fund to Improve Evelyn Waugh's Knowledge of the Council and Its Problems.

Dearborn, Mich. RICHARD J. CASSIDY

Please send me at once eight copies of Evelyn Waugh's article, "The Same Again Please." It is by far the most sensible thing I have read regarding the Ecumenical Council and the many and varied, as well as weird, changes proposed.

Dodgeville, Wis. A. J. MACDONALD

You did it again! Evelyn Waugh's hilarious whimsey on Vatican Council II is the best example yet of the brand of humor NATIONAL REVIEW has made famous. And the Liberals will fall as hard this time as they did in imagining you actually wanted to eat the Pope or hang Earl Warren; subtle wit is quite beyond the poor dears. How you must be chuckling as the Catholic Establishment mounts its assault on Waugh's windmill. Theologians, biblicists, ecumenists will ponderously smite him with the Bible and sprawling papal documents, disproving his ingenious fancies and generally treating him like the village idiot. Especially interesting should be the reaction of the litsymps, since Waugh is at his zany best—easily Lewis Carroll's peer—in skewering liturgy.

The one criticism I have concerns Waugh's crack about preferring the theological judgment of the simplest parish priest to that of the most learned layman. In a context of playfully whacking apostolic and papal skulls that line seems aimed at the belly laugh; it violates the esthetic rules of satire. Also, it could warn the Liberal that his leg is being pulled; he may be able to appreciate slapstick.

Carthagena, O. FRANCIS B. SULLIVAN, C. PP. S.

It is indeed consoling to know that one of our favorite authors, the distinguished Mr. Evelyn Waugh, profoundly deploring certain recent liturgical trends has exercised his God-given gift to write in protest. In conveying his thoughts on these lamented changes, Mr. Waugh has also superbly expressed the feelings of countless other members of the Church Militant.

The whole essay is splendid and deserves wide circulation.

New York, N. Y. HELEN JOHNSON

Mr. Waugh's discussion of the Vatican Council with reference to the everyday realities of plain people is a welcome supplement to other discussions which have concentrated so much on what is wanted by brilliant German theologians.

When Pius XII said, "You are the Church," he of course meant "you shepherds" as well as "you Magi."

Memphis, Tenn. J. A. FARRELL, C. S. P.

In Defense of Freedom (cont.)

Probably it was good manners that prompted you to be so temperate in

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KRISHNA MENON

by EMIL LENGYEL

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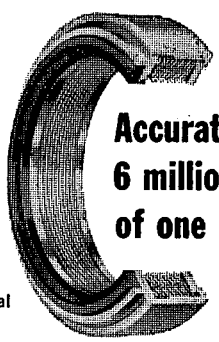

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reviewing [Dec. 4] a book by one of your own editors. Let an outsider be less temperate and insist that Frank Meyer's *In Defense of Freedom* is a superb achievement—beautifully reasoned, compactly stated, and real.

Lynbrook, Ky. GEORGE EAGLE

Letter to Kirk

Your column, "License They Mean at Colorado" [Nov. 20], consists of statements that are false, misleading and malicious. I can and shall refute everything you say about me.

1. You offer no proof that I am a member of the circle of "libeling devotees of an illiberal 'Liberalism' that have made life at Boulder unpleasant for any student or professor who holds less bigoted opinions." I doubt if such a "circle" exists, but if it does, I deny membership in it. Since you have made this public charge, it is up to you to prove it, or retract your statement. Your local informant is either confused, malicious, or both. Indeed, the Regents and perhaps the Colorado Legislature might look into the question of who in this community is spreading misinformation to people like you. I, personally, would welcome such an investigation and I think 99 per cent of the faculty of the University of Colorado would also welcome it.

You make only one truthful statement about me in your column and that is that I have some competence as a consultant on college and university library building planning, but not as you say on "utilization of library space."

2. It is not true that "earlier this year [he] endeavored to establish himself as an expert on the American Right Wing." The bulk of the Report was written by Dr. Sarah M. Harris and myself in 1958 after twelve years of collecting and reading the writings of the Right Wing. The fact that many Right-wing leaders have publicly stated that our Report is accurate suggests that I knew what I was doing. I will cite only one such statement. "There is ample documentation. Most of the views seem sound . . . some of their description is rather extreme, but on the whole it describes our view." *(Challenge to Socialism.)*

3. It is not true that the Fund for the Republic found the report "too gamy for even that charitable organization" to publish. The facts are that when the Report was submitted to them they expressed a wish to publish it. I said no, because I did not think the report should be published by anyone at that time. The Fund letter is in my files.

4. It is not true that my thesis is that "American conservatives are scoundrels who hate Jews and Negroes and who are engaged in a complex plot to destroy all liberties." There is no single thesis in the report, because it is a portrait of all the beliefs of the Right Wing. We distinguish clearly the relationships between conservatives and the Right Wing. Your statement is a deliberate and misinformed attempt to confuse this issue.

5. It is not true that the Report was published by a "vanity" press. It was first published by the University of Illinois Library School. A second, and slightly enlarged edition was published by the Public Affairs Press. Neither is a "vanity" press. In both cases, the Presses approached me first.

6. It is not true that I suggested that their (the Right Wing's) head is Mr. Vern L. Kaub. Mr. Kaub told you himself in his letter of November 14, 1962 that I did not say this. What I said was that "he has sometimes been called the dean . . ." by Right-wing writers. And this was true. I respect Mr. Kaub. He has been completely honest, careful and accurate with me, always.

7. In quoting from only one review, and a critical one, of our Report, while ignoring other reviews, you are guilty of a most unfair tactic. The Report has been reviewed many times, sometimes favorably and sometimes not.

8. You have tried to discredit me by using only that part of the evidence that suited your purpose.

9. You speak of me as an "ideologue of this stamp," but offer no basis for this statement.

10. A university library is full of all kinds of books and journals, representing all shades of opinion. It is foolish of you to blame the library for the views its readers hold.

Mr. Kirk, the days of McCarthianism are over. You cannot try to destroy the character of individuals and institutions by making false and unproven statements about them. I suggest that you start to undo the damage you have done to me and to the University of Colorado by publishing immediately an apology and a retraction.

Boulder, Colo. RALPH E. ELLSWORTH

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Mr. Kirk Replies

It always is amusing to hearken to the lamentations of a gentleman who thought he might libel with impunity, after he has ventured too far and has been clapped into the pillory himself.

I first heard of Mr. Ellsworth's strange and scandalous performance when there wrote to me a young Canadian correspondent who had purchased Ellsworth's pamphlet. "*The American Right Wing,*" he wrote, "is a kind of Nutcracker Suite set to bad prose. Its intent is tolerably obvious to all but the congenitally obtuse. Its authors have mucked about doing 'research' in what Mr. Buckley appropriately calls 'the fever swamps of the crazy Right, dredging up the silliest odds and ends they could come across in the writings of Lincoln Rockwell, John Kasp(e)r, the anti-Semites, and so on, and mixing it all up with references to Goldwater, Buckley, and the men whose sanity they really fear. One comes away from the thing (it is hardly a *work*) feeling very much confused and depressed that the Right Wing, as they have pictured it, should exist at all. Interestingly, or rather *typically,* the authors go through a great song and dance about their impartiality, on the first page. Their impartiality ends there.

"The pamphlet is being prominently displayed on 'quality' newsstands. If such is the work of the Fund, what is to become of the Republic?"

Incidentally, I am sorry to learn that the Fund for the Republic ever contemplated publishing such a diatribe as this; were it possible for my opinion of the Fund to be lower than in the past, it would fall. What wonder that the Fund for the Republic is an object of suspicion even to New York's Liberal Party?

Distortion and innuendo are to be found on most pages of this exercise in spleen. Ellsworth's and Harris' abuse of the respected Council for Basic Education is only one instance —including false footnote references. The interested reader may learn the details of this (together with Mr. Ellsworth's lame apology) in the CBE *Bulletin,* March 1962.

The guilt-by-association technique of this "Report" may be adequately suggested by the remark (p. 9) that the Right had established some rapport "with Donald Davidson because of his aid to the Clinton Freedom Fighters.[20]" The note 20 referred to in this passage reads, in part: "See tribute to him [Davidson] in the NATIONAL REVIEW, May 8, 1957, p. 550." If one turns to that page in this magazine, one finds an essay on Professor Davidson by Russell Kirk—mostly in praise of him as a scholar and man of letters. At the time I wrote this article about Mr. Davidson, I never had heard of the "Clinton Freedom Fighters" (whatever they may be), nor of any connection between Mr. Davidson and any action group. This sort of baseless innuendo runs throughout the Ellsworth pamphlet.

Ellsworth's notes, by the way, are atrocious from the point of editing. Note 19 contains a mysterious reference to Russell Kirk—the only allusion to your servant in this learned work. But if one turns back to p. 9, to which that note purportedly refers, yours truly is conspicuous by his absence! Some of this inaccuracy, in all charity, one may take to be mere wretched scholarship; but other instances appear to be malicious.

"The days of McCarthianism [sic] are over," Mr. Ellsworth wails. Nay, not so. What journalists call "McCarthyism" (or, in the prose of this talented librarian, "McCarthianism") lives on in *The American Right Wing.* Neither Joe McCarthy nor Claude Pepper ever succeeded in getting up so complex—if boring—a smear-job as this plaintive librarian has published.

Mecosta, Mich. RUSSELL KIRK

Never in Schoolbooks

Contrary to the misrepresentation in "Random Notes" [Nov. 20], Jules Dassin's version of *Phaedra* is NOT part of the curriculum of high schools and colleges. Racine's play may be, but Dassin's *Phaedra* is a modern undress version of the original myth. *Caveat emptor.*

Anyway, I thought mythology was your strong point.

Shorewood, Wis. T. E. BLACKBURN

Blind Justice

Further to your editorial [Nov. 6], your readers might be interested in the following largely unnoted, but rather intriguing, conjunction of events:

(1) Darlington Decision handed down by Liberal-dominated NLRB against Deering-Milliken Corporation during the election campaign.

(2) Roger Milliken, of Deering-Milliken, was finance chairman for U.S. senatorial campaign of conservative Republican Bill Workman

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against Liberal Democrat Olin Johnston in South Carolina.

Surely, a mere coincidence. Of course. Naturally. And like that.

Augusta, Ga. MRS. PATRICIA M. ROESEL

A Pox on Your Vaccinations

Gordon Tullock in his review of Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* [Nov. 20] misses the entire significance of the book in his hatchet-like job. The point is that DDT and the other new insecticides 1) do not eliminate the insects. Nature soon produces immune races which require ever more toxic poisons in ever greater quantities with no end in sight, and 2) these are relatively stable compounds which accumulate in animals and plants alike with results yet to be realized. We do know of the prevalence of DDT in practically everything we humans eat and its gradual accumulation in our own bodies. Dr. W. Coda Martin has shown that 23 out of 25 human cadavers examined by biopsy in a morgue (accident cases) contained significant amounts of DDT in the fatty tissue. It is to be hoped that Miss Carson's book will induce others to go on where she stopped.

If it be pointed out that humans and birds have very little in common, the answer must be that we simply do not know what the effects of the daily ingestion of these chlorinated hydrocarbons are to be on coming generations. If we take 1954 as the year that DDT started to be detected in practically all our food—from mothers' milk on up—then the breeding females of the future who have been accumulating it from birth have yet to reproduce. Margaret Sanger and Planned Parenthood might very well have to fold their tents. Rachel Carson's purpose was to sound the alarm, *now* before it is too late, not to make a "contribution to a careful weighing of all the factors involved."

New York, N. Y. DEVIN A. GARRITY

Silent Spring deserves a better review than that accorded by Gordon Tullock, wherein it is alleged that the book constitutes "an emotional attack upon chemical methods of controlling insects and weeds." In the light of outrageous misuses of chemical controls, a little emotion would seem to be in order. NATIONAL REVIEW should be in the forefront of those becoming alarmed about these abuses.

Lawrenceville, Va. L. J. HAMMACK, JR.

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Excerpts from American Telephone and Telegraph Co. statement to the Automation Subcommittee of the Joint Economic Committee, July 1, 1960

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Colorado Pique

For some time, although often in strong disagreement with your editorial position, I have held NATIONAL REVIEW in rather higher regard than most magazines. Russell Kirk's comments [Nov. 20] were thus a disappointment. . . . What I said was: "Read for what he is—not as an abstraction or a depersonalized politician—Barry Goldwater is a fool, a mountebank, a murderer, no better than a common criminal." This comes near the end of a long statement and can by no means be construed as the argument.

I have learned not to trust as much as before. Not one person commenting on the affair—not *Time*, *Nation*, *New Republic* or NATIONAL REVIEW—has given anything approaching a factual account. There should be one. Perhaps we are sicker than I thought.

Boulder, Colo. CARL MITCHAM

Turning of the Tide

Frank Meyer's election appraisal [Dec. 4], in which he sees the first indications that the tide has begun to turn against Liberalism is, I think, most accurate. We had rather dramatic proof here in Virginia's Sixth Congressional District when incumbent Richard Poff beat Liberal Democrat Wheeler by a cheerful two-to-one majority. Poff was forthrightly conservative throughout the campaign, and time and again he forced Wheeler to back off from his Liberal position. Poff won because he is very close to his people and has been insisting for years that Liberalism will disintegrate.

Roanoke, Va. EDWARD LANGLEY

Staying Power

Yes sir, the Conservative Party is here to stay [Nov. 20]! No less than six bumper stickers bravely adorned our car. So brave, indeed, that a hot water soak, soap, benzine, gasoline, and chipped fingernails budge not their tenacious grip.

The stickers also seem to have frustrated the Highway Department and Railroad Stationmaster, for the vermilion strips are still screaming their messages along the roads and on station windows.

Proud as we are of these symbols of determination, does anyone know the correct solvent to clean up the car?

Bedford, N. Y. MRS. GEORGE BRUSH

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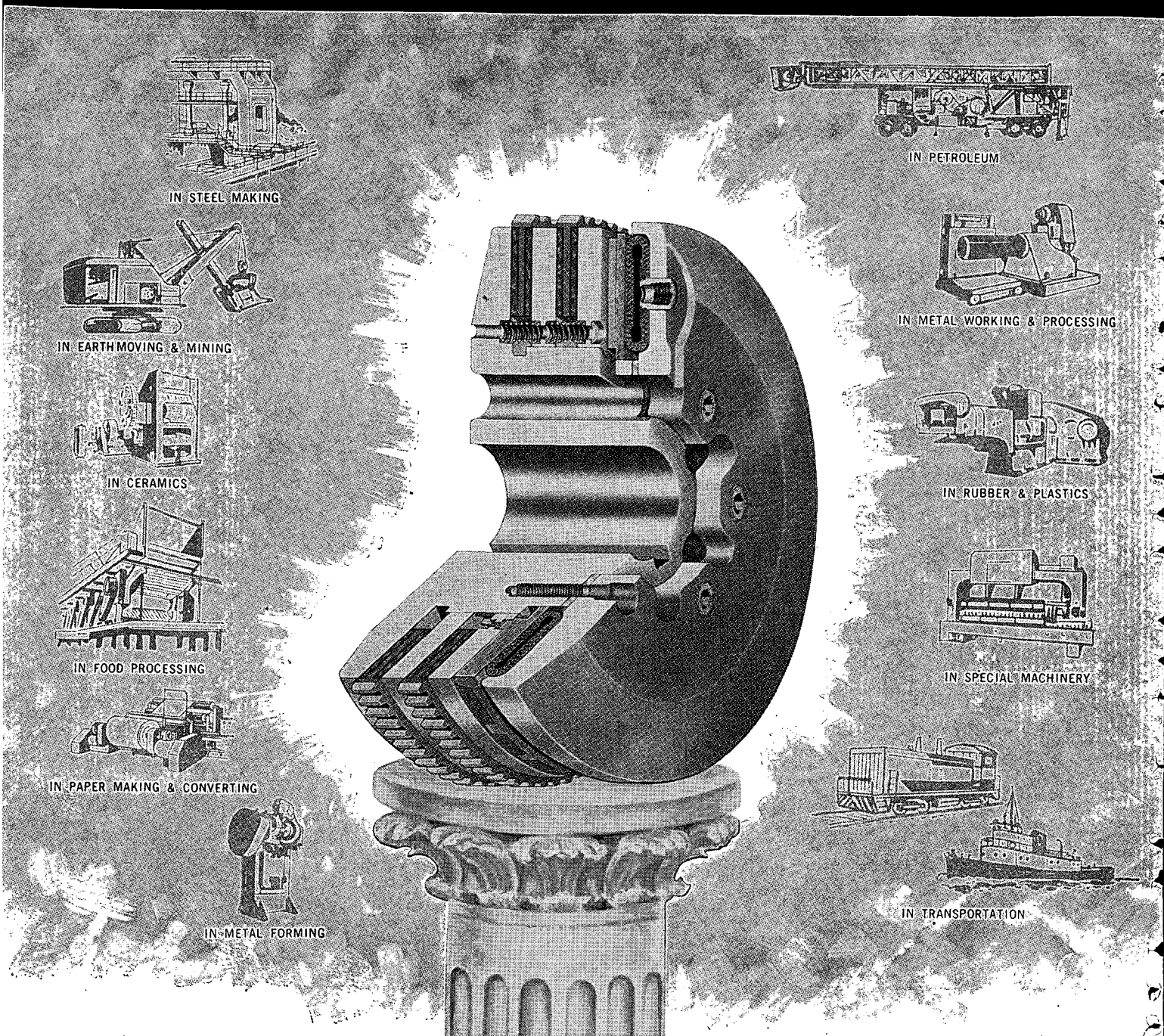

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